

JEFF CHANDLER: IS HE HOME TO STAY?

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Hollywood Lowdown

John Wayne takes
the stand!

Marisa and Pier:
Leading Twins?

JANET LEIGH



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PUBLISHER

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SCREENLAND Plus TV-LAND Published bi-monthly and copyrighted 1955 by Popular Library, Inc., Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, New Jersey. Editorial, Executive and Subscription Offices, 10 East 40th Street, New York 16, N. Y. President, Ned L. Pines; Vice-Presidents, Harry Slater, Frank Lualdi, Charles N. Heckelmann. Advertising Offices: 10 E. 40th., St., New York 16, N. Y., Harold I. Collen, Chicago Manager, 520 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill., Murray Bothwell, Rep., 234 E. Colorado St., Pasadena 1, Calif. Manuscripts must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive careful attention, but SCREENLAND Plus TV-LAND assumes no responsibility for their safety. Address all subscription mail to Subscription Department, SCREENLAND Plus TV-LAND, 10 E. 40th St., New York 16, N. Y. Single copy price \$.25, subscriptions \$3.75 for 12 issues, in U. S. and possessions, \$4.75 elsewhere. When entering a new subscription allow not less than 60 days for your first copy to reach you. When renewing subscription, prompt remittance helps to assure continuous service. Change of address must reach us five weeks in advance. Be sure to give both old and new address and zone or other information necessary. Second-class mail privileges authorized, Dec. 27, 1954, at Dunellen, N. J. Printed in U. S. A.

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Sheilah Graham's HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN



COMES the New Year and Gregory Peck will take Veronique Passani as his new bride.



JUNE ALLYSON gets a hug from Jimmy Stewart when they meet at a Hollywood fete.

GOOD morning, good afternoon, good evening, good everything—this is your Hollywood Reporter who very obviously got up on the right side of her bed this morning to bring you all the news and her views from this strange big little city on the Pacific. . . . Burt Lancaster credits his success on the screen to his muscles. At least that's being honest. . . . And Mae West decorated her living room at her new beach house with her muscle men. She has them immortalized on a mural all around the wall. . . . New rumors of trouble with the Mario Lanzas. But I don't believe them. Betty has stuck to Mario through thick and thin, if you get what I mean. But losing poundage is always a nervous-making business. And Mario isn't too easy to live with at ANY time. . . . No woman in the case with Aldo Ray and Jeff Donnell—just plain boredom, which is just about the biggest love-killer of them all.

Ava Gardner bumped into her bull-fighter ex-buddy, Luis Dominguin, the other fiesta in Madrid, and the temperature dropped 30 degrees. . . . Ava is due back in Las Vegas to pick up that final



ALTHOUGH he escorts other glamour girls, Tab Hunter's favorite date is still Lori Nelson.

decree from Frank Sinatra—plus a whopping alimony settlement. And Frankie's the boy who loves to pay—when he has it. And right now his take-home pay is around one million greenbacks per annum.

My boys Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis are really working at eliminating the sore memories of their feud. It isn't like the old days yet—but it will be. D'ye know how they finally kissed and made up? Jerry called Dean in Colorado and said, "What's it all about anyway?" Whereupon Dean cancelled the rest of his golf tournament and flew back for the big reconciliation. . . . Another dissolved partnership received less publicity—Danny Kaye and his long-time associate, Eddie Dukoff. Eddie went to work for Danny 17 years ago with nothing more than a handshake. "And that's how we ended," said Eddie. But there was more than that behind the surprise break-up. Restlessness, and Dukoff's desire to prove he could make the big time—as a producer, on his own.

One of our most popular husband and wife star teams are hanging together by less than an eyelash. Relatives are causing the trouble that might be impossible to fix. . . . Grace Kelly and Jean Pierre Aumont have set the date—according to Jean's most intimate buddy. Grace merely smiles that aloof, rather disdainful, up-turning of the lips when anyone is brash enough to ask her for the low-down. Grace shares her white gloves passion with director William Dieterle and Marjorie Main. The latter pair are afraid of germs. Gracie's afraid of nothing. . . .

Unless a good script or TV spectacular comes along, Betty Grable says she's had it. The former number-one-at-the-box-office beauty has always preferred to be a

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JAMES DEAN

*The overnight sensation
of 'East of Eden'*



**A portrayal
of surpassing
impact --
the story of
a teenage kid
caught in
the undertow
of today's
juvenile
violence...**

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also starring **NATALIE WOOD** with **SAL MINEO** • JIM BACKUS • ANN DORAN • COREY ALLEN • WILLIAM HOPPER • Screen Play by STEWART STERN
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watch, watch, watch for **LIBERACE** IN HIS FIRST STARRING PICTURE 'SINCERELY YOURS'

Vote for Audience Awards at your favorite theatre November 17-27

HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

continued

hausfrau. . . . Ditto for Rita Hayworth—and it sure looked like her dream of being a permanent home girl was to be realized with Dick Haymes. It wasn't the fights that broke them up—it was Dick's assurance that if she worked for him in "The Bright Shawl," he would take care of her lawsuit with Columbia. Rita and the marriage collapsed about a week before C-Day. I'm betting that Rita and Harry Cohn patch up their problems. . . . And guess who are the most interested in the gossip about Rita? Her ex-mother-in-law and father-in-law—the Begum and the Aga Khan. That's the first thing they asked Esther Williams when she guested with them at their fabulous palace in Cannes: "What's new with Rita?" Rita and the Begum did not hit it off. And that's strange, because the older princess was a working girl—a model, and a once upon a time Miss France—before she caught the eye and heart of the aged religious ruler. And she told Esther, "I'm afraid my son is not the good husband type." Which is the understatement of the decade. But the Aga adored Rita and was very upset when the marriage broke up in a shower of embarrassing headlines. He has never stopped hoping that Rita would return to Aly, with the cherished apple of his eye, his only grand-daughter, Princess Yasmin.

Lilli Palmer couldn't take it any more, which is why she pulled out of the London hit, "Bell, Book And Candle," which now stars her exy, sexy husband, Rex Harrison, with Joan Greenwood. My

London sources tell me that Kay Kendall will be the next Mrs. Harrison. Not many people know it, but Rex was married when he met Lilli, and there was a long and difficult divorce before they were able to wed. History is merely repeating itself. . . . But Lilli isn't as heartbroken as she might have been but for the sympathy of Carlos Thompson, who used to delight Yvonne DeCarlo, if you remember.

You have to hand it to Zsa Zsa Gabor. She's honest—up to a point. Her TV pilot with Cy Howard is languishing on the shelf, but no excuses from the Glamor Gabor. "We can't get a sponsor," she explains. And let's face it, she did tell the truth about Rubirosa during the brief marriage to the richest, poorest girl in the world, Babs Hutton. But I just don't see a wedding with Porfy in Zsa Zsa's crystal ball.

The whole town is talking about the weight gained by Alan Ladd. I'll have to put him on my diet. . . . And of all people, Jerry Lewis has to shed 20 excess pounds. . . . With Jack Benny starving to lose ten. It's wonderful to eat, but oh, the reckoning. . . .

John Wayne was my next-door neighbor at the famed Scripps Clinic. Duke was in for a check-up. But wife Pilar came a-visiting. And after five days, the Waynes were off to Mexico for fun and frolic instead. I kept meeting John in the X-ray room, and about the only thing we didn't discuss was our symptoms!

The strangest twosome of the year—Sharman Douglas and Vic Mature, in London. But maybe not so strange. Vic has always had an eye open for class. . . . And talking of eyes—Linda Darnell, in spite of all the denials, has that "sin-



RARE first-nighters, the Charlton Hestons chat with friends before the screening begins.



Ovation by the fans pleases Clark Gable and wife Kay at premiere of his new film.



YOUNG Ben Cooper sports a mustache on this night club date with pretty Norma LaRoche.

gle" look in her beautiful orbs. . . . But Anne Baxter should be signing her name Mrs. Russell Birdwell before the end of the year. . . . While the Greg Peck-Véronique Passani nuptials have a New Year's dateline. . . . Ray Milland's reason for turning director: "I woke up one morning after twenty years a star, and discovered I'd lost my hair." . . . Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger want to get away from it all in Hollywood, and plan a dream chalet in Switzerland—a la Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer, who, by the way, assure me they are not having a baby in the foreseeable future. But the stork sometimes wears blinders.

No one can be funnier with a retort than John Huston. When a blonde, blue-eyed, breathless young reporter asked the director, "What in your opinion was the most important contribution to motion pictures during the last decade?", John drawled, "The Marilyn Monroe Calendar." Actually, it was Huston who started Marilyn off on her fantastic career—that bit in "Asphalt Jungle" did it. . . . The British have suddenly gone crazy for Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz—discovered

continued on page 12

Liberace!!!

fabulously
yours
in his
first
starring
picture!



"SINCERELY YOURS"

PRESENTED BY
WARNER BROS.
IN
WARNERCOLOR



The wonderful story of a pianist who brings a crescendo of romance and joy and faith into a number of empty lives... including his own...

Liberace plays everything from Chopin to 'Chopsticks' and his own new hit 'Sincerely Yours' (lyrics by Paul Francis Webster)



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WITH **WILLIAM DEMAREST • LORI NELSON • LURENE TUTTLE** - Screen Play by **IRVING WALLACE**
Produced by **HENRY BLANKE** - Music Advisor **George Liberace**
An **INTERNATIONAL ARTISTS Ltd.** Production
Directed by **GORDON DOUGLAS** - Presented by **WARNER BROS.**



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Coming Attractions

BY RAHNA MAUGHAN

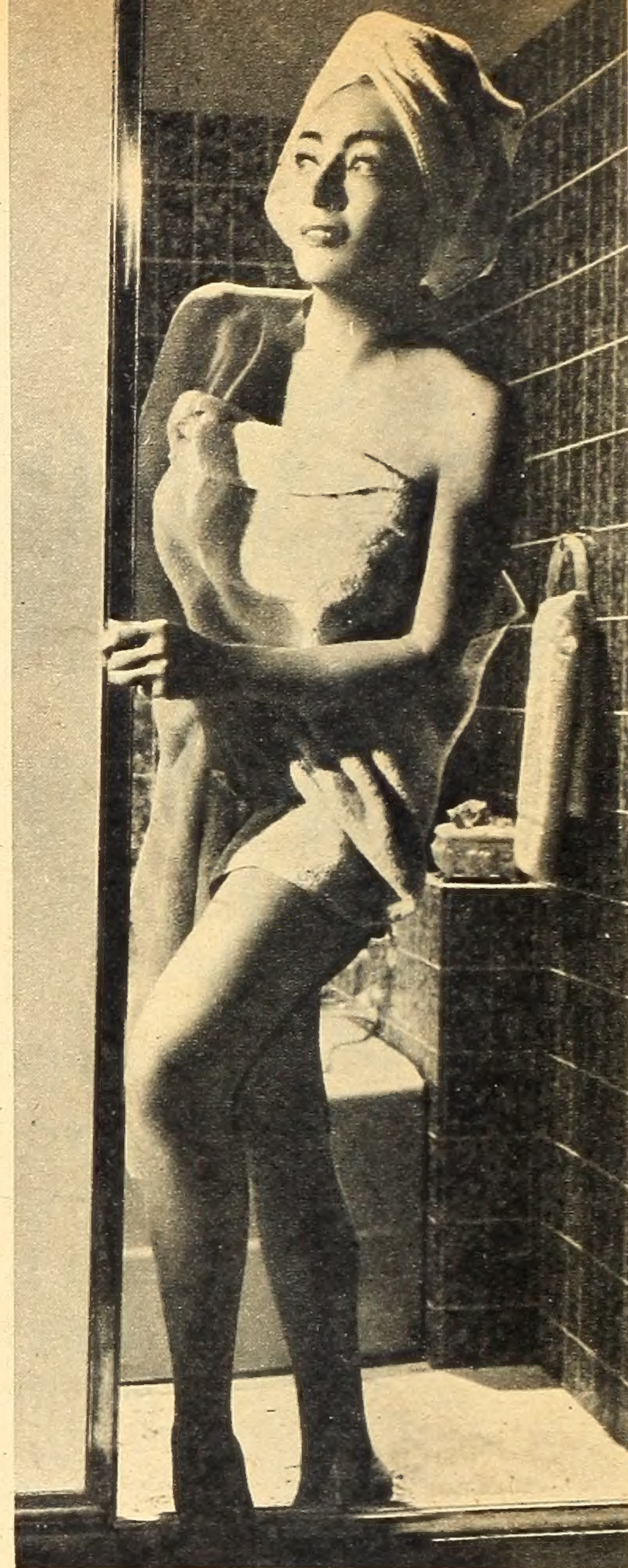
The Desperate Hours

WHAT turns an average American family man into a killer is answered here with terrifying clarity. Married to Martha Scott, and the father of Mary Murphy and young Richard Eyer, middle-aged Fredric March is far from a heroic figure. Not that he lacks courage, it's just that Life had never before asked him to prove his instincts of self-preservation, until three escaped convicts turn his home into a bristling hideout. Headed by Humphrey Bogart, who has sworn to kill Deputy Sheriff Arthur Kennedy, the trio seems to have made the right choice in selecting March's house. Though March and his daughter are allowed to leave and go about their normal business, Bogart knows neither would attempt to reach the police while Martha and the boy are hostages. As the hours pass, terror sinks its teeth deeper and deeper into the family. Every attempt March makes to break the grip is frustrated. Gradually, however, his mind becomes attuned to Bogart's thinking. All the warped cunning that rubs off is finally put to use when March turns killer to save his wife and son. The casting, which includes

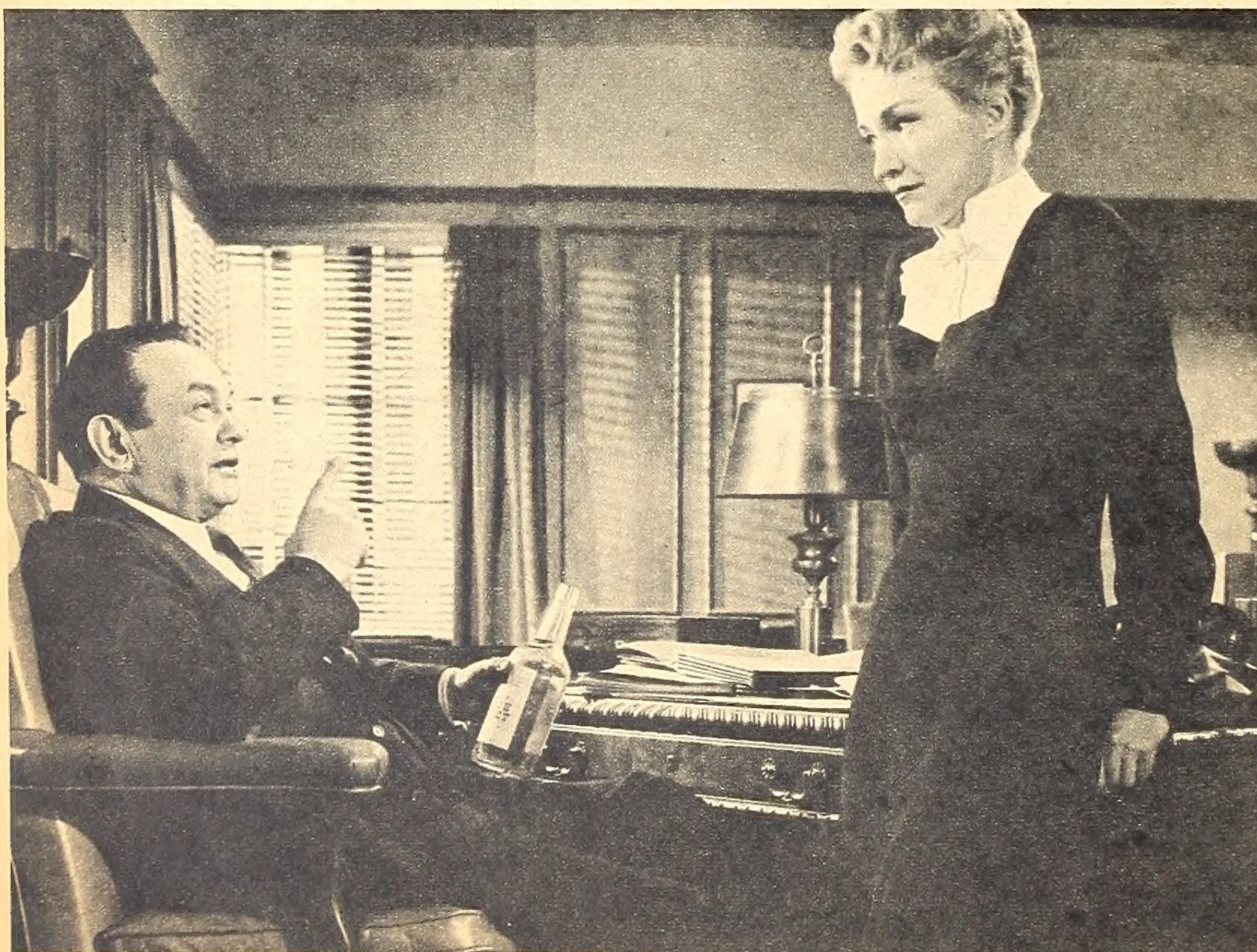
Dewey Martin, Gig Young and grisly Robert Middleton, is superb. Never before has a motion picture had quite the impact. You sit through it watching, listening and waiting. Then, you stand up to leave, and you realize your knees aren't going to be much help in taking you up the aisle. (Paramount.)

Queen Bee

IN THE insect world, the Queen Bee is perhaps one of the most deadly females. Ruling the hive with absolute power, she stings to death anyone who meets with her disfavor. Buzzing around her Southern mansion, Queen Bee Joan Crawford could give a bee colony some post-graduate courses. Because of Joan's way of refusing to give him a divorce, husband Barry Sullivan is disfigured for life. Shutting himself away in his room, he drinks time and memories away. His sister, Betsy Palmer, gets to know what Joan's sting feels like, too. Engaged to John Ireland, she learns he has been gathering honey with Joan. Betsy commits suicide. Into this jolly family group comes Northern cousin Lucy Marlowe, who makes Sullivan see he must assert



BATHING BEAUTY. Joan Crawford has her best role in a long while in "Queen Bee."



CRACK-UP of her boss, D.A. Edward G. Robinson, alarms assistant Nina Foch in "Illegal."

himself before Joan destroys everyone. Having wasted too much time already, Sullivan plans a quick departure for Queen Bee Joan. Ireland beats him to the punch. Looking ultra swank, and convincingly lethal, the role fits Joan like a comfortable old girdle. (Columbia.)

Illegal

DESPITE a long list of convictions and an extremely successful career, District Attorney Edward G. Robinson is thrown for a complete loss when he learns he's just sent an innocent man to the chair. Resigning from office, Robinson turns his talents to becoming a criminal lawyer. His big chance for redemption comes when ex-assistant Nina Foch is on trial for the murder of Hugh Marlowe, her husband. Being the legal brains for Albert Dekker, the town's syndicate boss, Robinson has all sorts of fascinating evidence at his prying fingertips. He doesn't hesitate to use every bit of this ammunition to free Nina and blast out

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*"Do you
think I
go walking
on the beach
for the
exercise?"*

**TODAY'S
BEST-SELLER
ABOUT THE
MODERN
SOUTH!**

20th Century-Fox
presents

***The
View
from
Pompey's
Head***

Actually photographed in America's Southland
in

CINEMASCOPE[®]

COLOR by DE LUXE

*Accidentally
she
stumbled
on the
truth...
her husband
was a Negro!*

*A
new
star is
born...
DANA
WYNTER!*

starring

**RICHARD EGAN · DANA WYNTER
CAMERON MITCHELL**

with Sidney Blackmer · Marjorie Rambeau

Produced, Directed and Written for the Screen by **PHILIP DUNNE**

In the Wonder of STEREOPHONIC SOUND

Produced, Directed and
Written for the Screen by
PHILIP DUNNE

In the Wonder of
STEREOPHONIC
SOUND

HOLLYWOOD
LOVE LIFE
BY DOROTHY GYEAT

Debbie and Eddie bring their
exciting romance to a resounding climax
by signing up for a lifetime of love

Mr. *and* Mrs. is the name



STAIRWAY to dreams (left) holds a glowing Debbie and Eddie after their marriage at Grossinger's. That's Mrs. Grossinger (right).

LOVE and laughter were honeymoon fare for Debbie and Eddie, following a quiet wedding attended only by family and old friends.





BEGINNING of "happily ever after" for the Fishers was cheered by fans as news of their "I do's" gave the world a pleasant surprise. **END**



**MARISA
AND
PIER:**



Feuding Twins?

By FRANK DEGAN

**How deep is the rivalry
between the beautiful Pierangeli
girls? Can it separate them?**

IT HAD become by then a familiar scene in the classroom. The girl with the dancing green eyes would keep nudging the brown-eyed girl who sat next to her, but to no avail. Maria Luisa Pierangeli would sit resolutely, stare straight ahead and refuse to acknowledge her sister's plea for deliverance. It's about time she had to pass a test on her own merits, Maria Luisa thought. Here, at least, Maria Luisa could excel. Here, Anna Maria couldn't charm her way out of every dilemma.

In time, Anna Maria would poutingly accept the grim fact

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While Pier was encouraged to go her light-hearted way, Marisa, being more on the sober side, was expected to toe the mark



THEY call themselves "unidentical twins"—and with good reason.

that her sister had no intention of helping her cheat on her exams, and she would turn wide, supplicating eyes to her friends in the rear of the room. Slips of paper with the correct answers would be passed surreptitiously to her, and she would breathe a sigh of relief.

"To cheat," Anna Maria mirthfully recalled years later, "was very difficult."

But the incident, although it is remembered with amusement rather than rancor, is sharply revealing. It helps illustrate the rivalry, sibling and otherwise, that has characterized the relationship between Hollywood's beguiling Pierangeli twins ever since they were born 20 seconds apart on the Italian island of Sardinia twenty-three years ago.

Today, Anna Maria Pierangeli is better known as Pier Angeli, and Maria Louisa Pierangeli as Marisa Pavan. Today, both are full-fledged movie stars: Pier at MGM, Marisa for Hal Wallis, and they are unquestionably devoted, if occasionally squabbling sisters. Their loyalty to and affection for one another are beyond question. They stand together at every turning point in one another's life, thrill to one another's triumph and weep over one another's sorrows. They probably would deny that their sisterly arguments bespeak contention, and that their careers in the same profession confirm their childhood rivalry, but intriguing questions persist.

MARISA's sober brown eyes suggest they have known the taste of sorrow and frustration and silent dreams.



AFFECTION for one another has always triumphed in the end over any sibling rivalries. Each is lovely in her own right and in her own way.

Have time and circumstance—and sisterly love—been able to heal the wound left by Pier's 20-second head start at birth? Does their continual display of affection cover up deep scars dug by being twins who are *not* as alike as two peas in a pod, but who often want the same thing when, alas, there isn't enough of the same for both? The salient—and unalterable facts—are these:

Although Marisa always was the one who dreamed out loud of getting married and having a family, it was Pier who was the first to go the altar, Pier who was the first to have a baby.

To be sure, Marisa exulted in her sister's happiness. She rushed to Pier's side when she was hospitalized during her pregnancy because of a fall during a plane ride, and she was at Pier's side when 8-pound, 13-ounce Perry Rocco Luigi Damone was born to Pier.

But once more Marisa's dream had come true—for Pier!

Everyone, including Marisa, denied that there ever was anything serious between her and Vic Damone, but it was a fact that Vic had been dating Marisa until he and Pier suddenly rekindled the flame of a bygone romance and announced that they were going to get married.

Marisa confounded the gossips by flying back from the Florida location on "The Rose Tattoo"—in the wedding gown she wore in the picture!—to be maid of honor at Pier's wedding. She not only gave the wedding her blessings, but appeared, as ever, in the role she always had played, her sister's best friend!

But here, too, friends doggedly insist that Marisa's dream came true—for Pier!

When they were children attending school together in Rome, Marisa was the one who revealed dramatic potentialities, she who played Cucciolo (Dopey) in a school presentation of "Snow White And The Seven Dwarfs." But when the chance for movie stardom came—it did not come to Marisa, but to Pier, who had never dreamed of any such thing.

PIER and Marisa have lived well with their rivalry. They never have permitted it to obsess them, never allowed it to turn to hate, but they could scarcely deny that it was there—a gnawing irritation, if not a threat.

"We quarrelled often," Pier admitted ingenuously when she discussed their childhood. "If I say green, she say red. If I say big, she say little."

As Pier herself so aptly, and significantly, characterized it, "We call ourselves unidentical twins."

They are unidentical in many senses—including appearance and personality. Pier is two inches taller, two pounds lighter and more delicate in coloring. She looks at the world through sparkling green eyes that spray their effervescence wherever they shine, while Marisa contemplates this mortal coil through sober brown eyes that suggest they have known the taste of sorrow and frustration and silent dreams. Pier's hair is coppery brown, while Marisa's is black, and her olive complexion is more Neapolitan than Pier's.

Happily, today both are beautiful, radiant young women,

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MARISA AND PIER continued

No longer "Pier's sister," Marisa today



RADIANT Marisa is now being rushed by many eligible beaux.

has a life and career of her own

each lovely in her own right and in her own way, neither trading on the appearance nor personality of the other. But Pier's beauty was appreciated long before Marisa's attracted attention. While Marisa did not protest this slight fate, she was not indifferent to it.

Marisa frequently has said that her biggest regret is that she was born 20 seconds after Pier, and it scarcely would be necessary to strap Marisa to an analyst's couch to suggest how important a symbol of their relationship this obstetrical inequity has been.

Born first, Pier had a penchant for being first in all other things—including the affection of their late father, a construction engineer named Luigi Pierangeli. Pier herself concedes that her father's fondness for her easily may have been responsible for stimulating the rivalry between herself and Marisa. Certainly, the quiet rumblings beneath Marisa's stoic facade were not eased any during her early years in America when she was relegated to the background and quietly watched Pier lionized as a star while she remembered how her father



POPULARITY of Marisa is attested to by devotion of fans. Among her dates recently have been Dick Egan, Ben Cooper, Perry Lopez.



"THE ROSE TATTOO": With Ben Cooper in the Paramount version of Tennessee Williams' play, Marisa makes a strong impact.

had sternly forbidden her to follow through on her own childhood ambition to be a ballet dancer.

Even for the most forbearing young woman, it was a bitter pill to swallow. Time and again, like a Cinderella with no fairy book prince to rescue her, Marisa stayed home while Pier and her mother went off to glamorous location trips. She was left alone with her thoughts, alone with the realization of how far 20 fleeting seconds had stretched through the years. Now that she is launched on her own career, Marisa is freer to admit in retrospect what she was reluctant to acknowledge, possibly even to herself, when it was happening.

"I ALWAYS watched Pier's career like a good friend," she insists stoutly, only to own up with a lowering of her expressive eyes, "but sometimes I thought fortune had forgotten me, and it was in my mind very much."

Even their mother, who adores them both, and who sat over Pier's career like a hatching hen, has not been unaware of the later projection of their sibling rivalry, although she unquestionably would object to slapping that label on it. Mrs. Pierangeli unwittingly let this psychological cat out of the bag shortly before Pier's marriage when she remarked:

"When Pier takes the keys to the car, I hold my breath until she returns. She's so quick and impulsive. But with Marisa, that's different. I never have to worry."

This could suggest that the carefree, piquant Pier, through no fault of her own, was encouraged to shy from responsibility, to go her own light-hearted way, while Marisa, being on the more sober side, was expected to and did toe the mark. She was not the one to kick up her heels. She was 20 seconds too late.

But it would be a distortion to dwell on the sibling rivalry and to ignore the wide area of affinity between these sisters, an affinity which always seems to prevail in the end.

Three days before she married Vic Damone, Pier spoke with loving tenderness of Marisa.

"All our lives," Pier explained, making it clear that she considered all else trivial, "Marisa and I have been inseparable. We sleep in the same bed. We are as close as any two people can be. If I lose a button on a jacket one day, no matter where she may be, she loses a button on her jacket."

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John Wayne takes the stand

By DICK PINE

A stickler for truth, John
pulls no punches but gets right
to the point in answering
all the questions put to him

JOHN WAYNE has been at or near the top of the popularity polls longer than any actor in Hollywood, so it goes without saying that more has been written about him than about any other Hollywood figure. Moreover, Wayne's tempestuous marriages and romances, as well as the sheer, exuberant, dominating personality of the guy, have given impetus to enormous outpourings in print about him.

This he doesn't mind—any more—although it used to trouble him sometimes. "I am," he says, "surprised to find, at this late date, that I am a businessman. And all this is good for business."

But he is also a forthright character who likes to keep his records straight and he wants what is printed about him to be *true*. "There's been a lot of misconceptions about me . . .," he mourned, one day.

When we suggested that we try to right some of this with a game of True or False, he jumped at the opportunity. So—here is Wayne and our True or False game. Some of the questions are ours and some are subjects he brought up himself because he had things he wanted to express.

Q. True or false that, despite your popularity, you are aloof and a hard man to know?

A. False—I hope! And believe. I think that impression may have got around because for years I felt unsure of myself. In view of what has happened to me, it may seem hard to believe, but I was basically a rather shy individual. I have always liked people and have wanted, earnestly, for them to like me. I was so eager to be liked . . . and so afraid that I wouldn't be . . . that for a long time I retreated into a sort of protective shell. It was the wrong thing to do, of course. You don't get over shyness that way. I hope I have outgrown—or am outgrowing—all that. It's about time!

Q. Does that mean that fundamentally you lack self-confidence?

*A. That was true for a good many years and for several reasons. I was in this picture business for about ten years before I ever began to take it seriously. I didn't know anything about acting and didn't want to. It was just a sort of light-hearted game to me. After "Stagecoach" I began to see what it could all mean . . . and it scared me! I began to *think* about what it meant and to worry. . . .*

Q. Is that why you've gotten the reputation of being

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CONTRARY to belief, fiery Latin women aren't John's favorite type. His wife, Pilar, is passive, completely without temperament.

JOHN WAYNE continued



ON LOCATION for his latest film, "Blood Alley." Many think of John as the rugged outdoor type. Actually, he prefers the great indoors.

His tempestuous marriages and romances, as well as his dominating personality, have led to misconceptions about John

"Hollywood's greatest worrier?" Is that when it all began?

A. That's when it began—yes. That was when I began to worry and not just about the job I had to do, myself, in a picture. I worried about everyone else's job, too. I wanted nothing short of perfection. Pretty soon this worry thing had a grip on me and I worried about my family, my friends and spread out to worry about world affairs. I just *worried*.

Then I found out what worry does to you. I came down with a grandpappy ulcer that had me in the hospital for six months—and had me living on milk and baby food for a long time after that. I don't *like* hospitals or milk or baby food! I learned then that I would have to learn to trust people to take care of their own jobs, trust family and friends and the world to solve their own problems . . . while I attended to my own business. I learned to delegate responsibility. I learned to relax. I learned that absolute perfection wasn't an absolute necessity!

Q. *Let's change the subject for a moment. Is it true or false that you can be interested only in women with fiery temperaments? Is that why you have always preferred Latins?*

A. False. Pilar, my wife, is the definite answer to that one! It is true that she is a Latin. But no one could be more soothing, more downright *restful* to be with, than she is. She doesn't know the meaning of the word "temperament." If I didn't hate the word so much, I'd call her almost "phlegmatic." I doubt that she ever blew her top in her life.

At least, I can't imagine her doing it. Just thinking about her is like letting a calm breeze blow over me. . . . And her amused, calm tolerance when I blow my own top is an effective brake on my temper.

Q. *But you still don't like to discuss women in general?*

A. Can you blame me? I was burned once too often doing that!

Q. *Then you think you still do blow your top too often?*

A. True. I do and I know it. I have a very low boiling point. If someone in my company does something I don't like, well, I don't pull any punches. I'm a cinch to get noisy about it. "What the devil do you *mean* doing a thing like that?" But there is this. . . . If he is pretty sure he was right about it and has the backbone to stand up and say so, then I'm likely to take a hitch in my bad temper. Maybe the guy has something there! If he has, and can convince me, I'll apologize. I've done it scores of times.

But let me tell you something else about my blowing my top. If I catch someone trying to make a sap of me, if I detect a phony—then I blow it but good. And it stays blown.

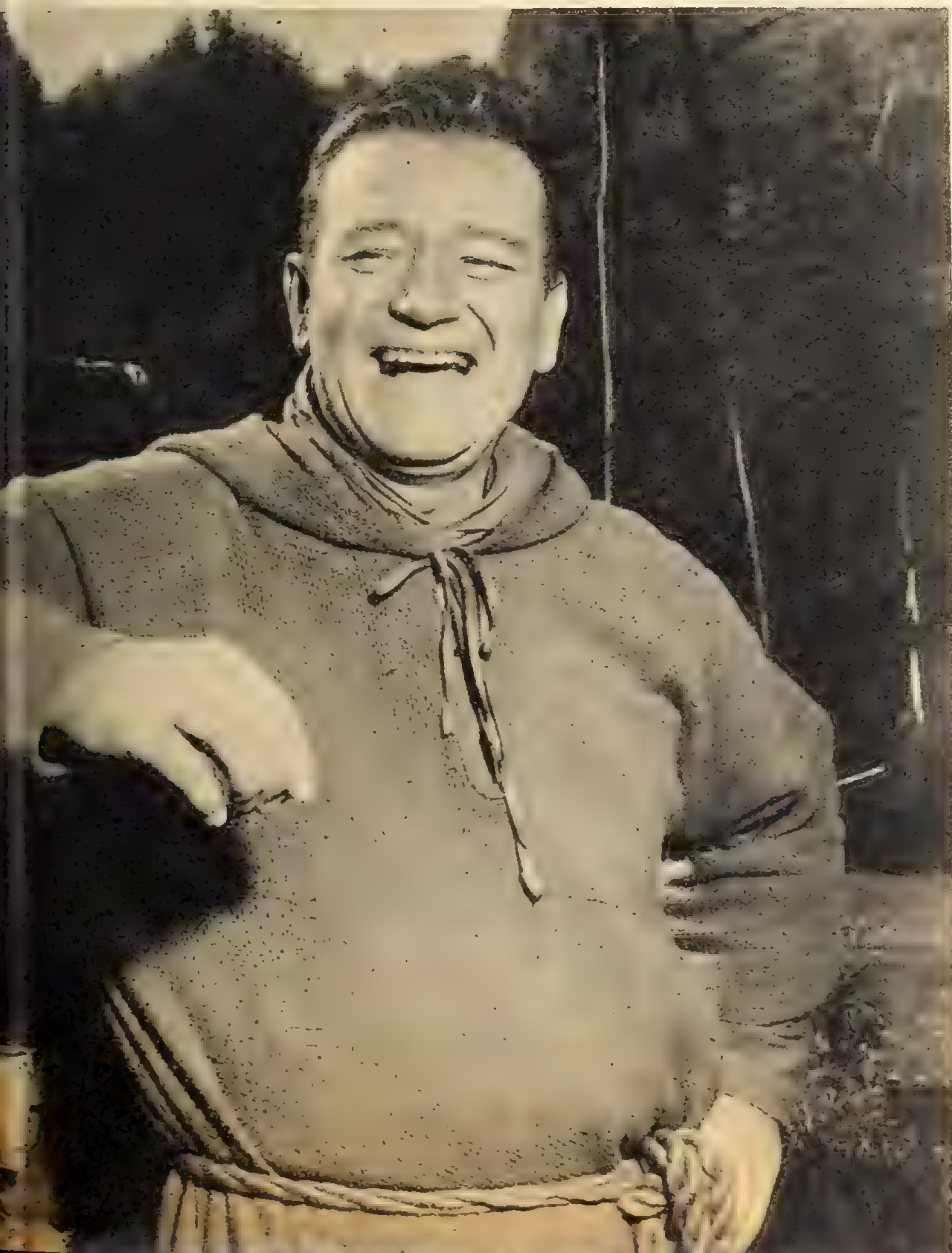
Q. *Is it true or false that you. . . ?* (Interruption here from Wayne.) May I put a question to myself? There are things I want to get straight on the record. He asks himself:

Q. *Is it true or false that you never buy Christmas or birthday presents for your wife or youngsters?*

A. This one I resent very much. But it's true . . . partly. I'm going to be honest about this. It started, I think, when

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JOHN frankly admits he has a low boiling point but, like all forthright people, he'll take a hitch in his temper if he's in the wrong.





GIRLS of the Hat Box cabaret, led by Vivian Blaine as Miss Adelaide, do a fast strip in "Take Back Your Mink" number.

Of Guys and Dolls

**The fabulous Broadway musical
about the lusty world of
gamblers and their girls comes
to the screen with Brando
and Jean Simmons as stars**

TRANSFORMATION of the prim mission worker, Jean Simmons, into hepcat occurs under Brando's exhortations.





CANDID shot of Marlon Brando, who portrays Sky Masterson, gambler extraordinary, shows him playing organ on set of *Save A Soul Mission*.

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The earthy people of Damon Runyon's world come to life in the story of a craps shooter who discovers the odds against falling in love are sky high

MARLON BRANDO has a grip on Frank Sinatra, controller of the oldest floating crap game extant.



STAKING his personal fortune against the souls of his fellow craps shooters, convert Brando hopes to lure them to Save A Soul Mission.





WARMING UP to love in Goldwyn picture are Jean Simmons and Brando. As Sister Sarah Brown, she wins his heart, saves his soul.



MISS ADELAIDE (Vivian Blaine, above) laments her 14-year engagement to Nathan Detroit (Frank Sinatra, right) who prefers horses. **END**

JEFF CHANDLER



JEFF never admitted his loneliness but friends were aware that he missed Marge.



TOGETHER on the same end of the wire is the way the Chandlers prefer to be.

Is Jeff Home To Stay?

Again the Chandlers have found that love can't be ended by legal decree. Will their reunion carry out the promise of "this time forever"?

By BILL TUSHER

THE TALL, bronzed young man with the shock of iron gray hair gently closed the door to his room at the Phoenix Palms Hotel in Phoenix, Arizona, and turned to the striking brunette who had come in with him.

"I think we gave them the slip," he grinned in his pleasant baritone voice. Their eyes met, and they fell into an embrace.

Word had gone out in Hollywood that they would be staying with his friend, Leo Durocher, ex-manager of the New York Giants. It was a hoax designed to give them that precious commodity—more time together, more time to rediscover one another.

A lonely, empty year had gone by, but they had snatched their marriage from the brink of an eternity of such emptiness. Just a few more weeks, and Marjorie's interlocutory decree would have been final. A year ago, they had sadly agreed that divorce was the only way out. Now they had come to realize that they didn't want out—that reunion was the only way out of their aching loneliness.

Jeff Chandler reached into his pocket.

"Honey," he said diffidently, "I have something for you."

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JEFF CHANDLER continued

A pipe and slippers man at heart, -Jeff



remained in touch with his family even during their separation

He took his wife's wrist and fastened on it a gold bracelet from which dangled a gold charm. Misty-eyed, Marjorie held the charm up to the light to read the inscription. There was no space between the words. They were spelled out in script, one word joined symbolically to the other.

"This time," she read in a whisper, "it's forever."

Jeff's vow was deep with meaning and promise. He allowed no space between the words because he wanted no more spaces between himself and Marge. The pledge was engraved not only on the charm, but in his consciousness. Absence and loneliness had given him the full measure of his marriage. It bespoke his quiet determination to make this reconciliation succeed where two previous patch-ups had failed to withstand the pressures of time and tension.

Are Marge and Jeff at last free of the ancient dilemma of two people so much in love they can't live without each other, and so headstrong that they can't live with each other? Are Hollywood skeptics justified in asking if it will last—and infuriating Jeff when they do—or has the marriage emerged indestructible from the stress and strain of three anguished separations?

There is persuasive evidence that the latter is true.

As in most off-screen marriage difficulties, there was no heavy, neither Jeff nor Marge. It is relatively easy for people who live a static life to adjust in the first year of marriage, but, with Jeff's rapidly rising stature in the movie industry,



ALL WET—that's the word for skeptics who predicted Jeff would never go home; here he is with two reasons why they were wrong.



IT'S HARD to tell who's happier on a Las Vegas holiday, 8 year old Jamie (left), 5 year old Dana or their handsome, bronzed Dad.

he and Marge constantly were confronted with new challenges. They no sooner settled down to one mode of life than Jeff's continuing success, and the mounting pressures of his career, rendered their previous adjustments obsolete.

But while the eleventh hour reconciliation caught Hollywood's most astute pundits off balance, it was no surprise to Jeff's close friends. He merely was running true to form. When Marge sued Jeff for divorce, everyone in Hollywood accepted the dissolution of their marriage as a *fait accompli*—that is, everyone but Jeff and Marge, and those friends who had known them for a long time.

AFTER MARGE obtained her interlocutory decree, movie-town oracles fully expected Jeff to marry Gloria De Haven. When that relationship failed to ripen beyond friendship, every major league keyhole peeper had Chandler married off to blonde U-I script girl Betty Abbott. Some even had the misfortune to be caught in print with this wedding forecast at the very time Jeff and Marge created a sensation by going back as Mr. and Mrs.

If history repeats itself in Jeff's marriage—and it cannot be denied that it does—it proves one conclusive thing: that sooner or later, no matter how they fuss or how seemingly wide the breach, Jeff comes back to the woman he loves, and the woman he loves wants him to come back to her.

Jeff Chandler is and has been throughout the marriage—even when he was not living with Marge—the epitome of constancy. He has dated many women, but loved only one. And from the beginning, it has been a deep and impassioned, albeit a stormy, love. Jeff was so deeply in love with his wife that he celebrated his first wedding anniversary by going through a second wedding ceremony.

Far from having changed, Jeff is now what he always has been—a one-woman man. It generally was assumed that when Jeff and Marge separated, it was because Jeff had tired of the

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**Career may once have been
an obstacle for Jeff and
Marge, but now work and love
have achieved harmony**



restraints of holy wedlock, because he had surrendered to his restlessness, and because he suffered a recurrent need for vacation from marriage. Yet the facts do not support these suppositions.

No matter what their problems, Jeff never has regarded his marriage lightly, or Marge less than reverently. It was not Jeff who despaired of making his marriage work, but Marge who despaired of competing with his career. When, two years after their first reconciliation, they made headlines with their second separation, it was not Jeff who took a runout powder, but Marge who sent Jeff packing.

From all that could be gathered, Marge had had her fill of Jeff constantly taking off on personal appearance tours, on benefits and faraway locations, and of having an exhausted man on her hands when he was home. The locations she may have been willing to abide as an occupational necessity, but when shop was closed she felt her man should belong to her, not to his clamoring and possessive public.

A boulder would have jumped at this green light to return to the vaunted joys of single-blessedness, but Jeff received his wife's ultimatum gloomily. He greeted Marge's decision with regret, where many unleashed men would have met it with a pose of rancor and a surge of relief.

"There's not going to be any divorce if I can help it," Jeff said frankly. "I have taken an apartment, and I hope Marge and I can later work out our troubles."

EVEN WHEN Marge finally took her grievances to court, her bill of particulars was tempered by an admission that Jeff never had fallen out of love with her. She complained of his continuous and complete absorption in his career, but she conceded that she was still the only woman in whom Jeff was absorbed.

Marge's decree was still warm in her hands when it was apparent that Jeff was sadly miscast as a roué. He was a pipe and slippers guy who missed his wife and his two daughters. While gossip had him headed for the altar with Gloria De Haven and then Betty Abbott, he never was so engrossed in dates with either of these dolls that he did not phone home every night—whether he was in Apple Valley, Las Vegas or New York—and talk to his daughters, and to Marge.

Jeff bought a ranch house, *avec* swimming pool, in sun-blistered Apple Valley, and fled there as a sanctuary from the whirling Hollywood merry-go-round. But the more he escaped the tensions of his profession, the more he realized that what had agitated him was the pressures of work, not of marriage. It was obvious, as he sorted his thoughts, and shied from marriage to other women, that he did not consider the divorce a release from bondage. To him, the imminent end of his marriage was more exile than freedom.

He tried in vain to forget Marge in a whirlwind of dates and in an orgy of work in which he fanned out as a recording artist, a lyricist and a night club singer, but he couldn't brain-wash himself of the woman he loved. He wrote songs in an effort to forget her, but when he recorded "That's All She's Waiting To Hear," his friends knew it was a hopeful overture to Marge. He couldn't get her out of his system. He had bought the place at Apple Valley as an ostensible bachelor retreat, but more often than not he turned the keys over to Marge, who spent week-ends there with the children while Jeff was on location. It became more of a getaway place for the family than a hideaway for a desert romeo.

It was not surprising, as the separation dragged on, that Betty Abbott and Jeff hit it off well. Betty is a warm, intelli-

MORE relaxed since his wandering's over, Jeff gives the impression of a man at peace with himself and the world.



REHEARSAL shots for "Female On The Beach" with Joan Crawford show Jeff and his other love—his work. Next is U-I's "The Spoilers."

gent and sympathetic girl, probably as real in her way as Jeff is in his. But while clucking gossip columnists jumped at marital conclusions, Betty never nursed any illusions about her gangling friend with the iron hair.

"Betty always knew Jeff was stuck on Marge," was the way one pal of Jeff's wrapped it up.

Since the reconciliation, Jeff has undergone a spiritual transformation. It was not as a movie star, but as a private citizen that he and Marge took their daughters, Jamie and Dana, to the press preview of Disneyland. Even though Jeff invoked no privileges of his profession and bucked the impossible crowds with the rest of the disgruntled peasants, he was more serene and happy than I have seen him in more than a year. He had that comfortable "I'm-back-home-with-my-wife-and-kids, and-I-don't-have-to-prove-anything" look. And on him the look looked mighty good.

IN TERMS of his own personality, in terms of the kind of a guy he is, and the kind of a life he'd like to lead, Jeff hasn't changed. But in one respect he has changed. He's changed from an unhappy guy to a happy guy. The reconciliation is that simple—and that important, as it would have to be to a one-woman man. He walks a one-way street, and when the detour sign's out, no other road will do.

Ever since Jeff finished work on "Away All Boats" at U-I, he and Marge have been enjoying married life as possibly they've never enjoyed it before. They are relaxed and care-free, not under the gun—and sure!

He spends many of his afternoons tinkering around at

his new office in town, as happy as a boy with a new bicycle. And he does this with the evident blessings of Marge. He appears to have placed his career in perspective, and he appears to have reached agreement with Marge on what he owes his career, and what he owes her. In short, he has arrived at a rapprochement in which he neglects neither of his loves—his wife nor his work.

But since they kissed and made up, Jeff has become more addicted to privacy. He has ruled out all interviews until further notice, and he constantly goes forth in public with Marge and the children in the devout, but usually futile, hope that he won't be recognized. He appreciates that this is the not-too-awful yoke of the movie star, but he feels there should be a time and a place for everything, and more than anything else, he feels that now is the time for Marge, and the place is anywhere he takes her.

It is not a new Jeff Chandler that has been produced by the reconciliation, but a return of the old Jeff. He's a full, content young man in his house on the hill, with his striking wife and his doting daughters.

It's just like old times as he's sprawled out comfortably in the big easy chair near the fireplace, even as was his wont before he and Marge broke ranks. And once more he haunts his basement workshop, wearing his carpenter's belt with its hammer and pliers. Once more he's busy redecorating the house, fixing odds and ends, making furniture and manning his power tools with his old do-it-yourself fervor.

Jeff Chandler has come home, and evidently he has come home to stay—because he is a one-woman man. **END**

She learned- **THE HARD WAY**

By **PEER J. OPPENHEIMER**

An ostrich may hide its head when trouble's up, but not Janet! She's found that facing facts pays off



RUMORS of a rift between her and Tony used to disturb Janet, but she's found a sense of humor the best way to counteract gossip.

NOT LONG AGO, Janet Leigh surprised her friends with the announcement that she had become associated with a dress firm in New York. This was more than the casual endorsement practiced for years by stars. Janet's agreement required active participation—which meant giving about a fourth of her time to the new venture. That, at a stage of her career when time was at a premium, when her agents had to turn down film commitments which would have netted her considerably more than she can realize at present as an associate of a wholesale dress firm. Why then juggle her film commitments to work in a commercial enterprise, about which she knew comparatively little?

Because Janet has gone through life with her eyes open!

Even if it means pocketing a little less money to get established, it is a way to build up security outside the film industry.

She has watched the most promising stars come and go, appraised the much more secure bargaining position of financially independent actors who don't "have to" accept whatever parts are offered, who can be selective and thus get better pictures and more pay.

For a girl as successful, careerwise, as Janet, this might seem like an overly skeptical way of looking at her future. But Janet learned long ago to face the facts, and that includes all possibilities as well as probabilities. She has found out—sometimes the hard way—that only a realistic attitude toward life will get her the things she wants—whether it's financial security, contentment in her private life, or success in her career. Look how she really got ahead in the latter.

When she first reported to MGM, she didn't think she'd have a chance at the studio, or stay any length of time. She was having fun, and considered it an interesting interlude.

It was a drama coach, Lillian Burns, who talked her out of this attitude. She told Janet that she couldn't promise her stardom, but thought she had talent, certainly good looks, and, if she buckled down to work, a good chance to make the grade. Janet took her advice to heart, and soon was known as one of the hardest working, most ambitious newcomers on the lot. And of course, it paid off.

Although everyone thought that she had done extremely well while under contract to MGM, Janet wasn't satisfied.

At a time when independent deals were harder to get, and many of Hollywood's top stars expressed preference for studio contracts and assured employment, Janet decided she'd be better off on her own. Subsequent deals with U-I, Columbia, and Warner Brothers proved her to be right.

Janet realized that the competition at MGM was too tough

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JANET prefers to be down-to-earth, whether dealing with people or chicken.



NO SILENT PARTNER: Janet's in business as member of a dress firm and she intends to participate actively in creating the line.

CHATTING with buyers as they look over her new dress designs.



Janet's pretty head proves a steady one in coping with the details of a brand new career

for a comparative newcomer. With the plum assignments going to long-time favorites like Lana Turner and Ava Gardner, the young Miss from Stockton was losing out, and through no fault of her own. Being assigned leads in pictures like "Fearless Fagan" didn't help Janet either. She got many of her best parts on loan-outs to other studios.

While Janet wouldn't admit that much openly, guarded statements shortly before she left MGM left little doubt why she was quitting.

Janet learned to face facts early in her professional life, the result of an incident which would have made any girl think twice before signing even a laundry ticket.

When she was still married to Stanley Reams, her then husband started a band of his own. To finance the venture, he had to get a loan of \$1,000, which Janet co-signed.

Considering it just a routine matter, she gave it very little thought—till the venture failed, and she had to pay off her part of the debt, even though she and Reams were divorced by then. To take care of her obligation she had to scrimp on everything from food to clothes for two years. Yet in retrospect, the experience proved worthwhile. It taught Janet a careful, deliberate attitude toward business contracts.

Janet is equally realistic about other phases of her career, particularly publicity. She knows the value of carefully planned and executed publicity. Even before leaving MGM she shopped around for a publicist, and finally signed up with one of the biggest firms in town.

At the same time, she knew that saturating the public with one-sided publicity could hurt her progress. Thus she made certain that her publicity would go hand in hand with the kind of build-up in parts and prestige for which she was striving. Being constantly referred to as one-half of the team of "Janet and Tony" was neither good for her, nor for him, she reasoned. Says Janet, "By necessity, Tony and I have to look after our own individual interests, and are better off being referred to professionally as Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis, than as 'Janet and Tony' . . ."

Janet was fully conscious that this attitude might bring repercussions. And it did. Immediately a new crop of discord rumors were circulated. Evaluating the pros and cons of her decision, she convinced herself that no matter what was said, staying together was better proof of compatibility than anything else that could have been done.

FOR that matter, she found out a long time ago that over-emphasis on rumors—on her part that is—would lead to nothing but ulcers.

When hints of a rift between her and Tony first crept into print, Janet was quite disturbed. Before long she realized that gossip is a commodity in Hollywood, that comments on it would only start a vicious circle of accusations and denials. It was much better to take it with a sense of humor.

How well she adjusted herself was obvious by her reaction to an item that appeared shortly after Tony sprained his ankle rather badly.

Although in pain, Tony had promised to attend a big Hollywood party, and being a good sport, he went along. No sooner had they arrived than the pain became even more



DESIGNS for future financial independence explain Janet's present desire to establish herself in a new field while busy with films.

severe. While Janet mixed with the other guests, Tony settled down by himself in a corner of the room.

The next morning one columnist claimed that Janet and Tony had a fight the night before in which she kicked him so hard he had to hobble around all evening.

Janet was furious when she read it, but at the same time, when something really serious threatens her, Janet finds it far better to stand up to a situation than to ignore it, or let it get her down, and give up in tears. This was brought home already when she was still a little girl.

She'll never forget the day when she wore glasses for the first time. No sooner had she entered the classroom than one kid yelled, "Hey, look at four eyes." By the afternoon, most of the other children had joined the chorus. Even if it wasn't meant to hurt her, it was a cruel blow to Janet.

Rather than have to take the jibes, she decided to get along without glasses. It was a painful experience. Bumping into things, she got more black and blue spots than the captain of the lacrosse team.

Though often close to tears, she wouldn't give in—till her mother hit upon an idea which was both realistic and practical. She bought Janet another pair of glasses, with rims so attractive that they quickly became the envy rather than the ridicule of her classmates. It taught Janet that sometimes it was better to face situations squarely, rather than stick her head into the ground like an ostrich.

She has put that into practice many times. Particularly when she and Tony were first married and, like most newlyweds, were on their model behavior to impress each other. Each tried to be the first to give in on points of friction,

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"MY SISTER EILEEN": In the gay new Columbia musical, Janet is consoled by Dick York (above), dances with Betty Garrett.



LOVE match? Janet waits to return the ball to husband Tony Curtis.

In both work and play, Janet's

pleased one another in every way possible. In Janet's case, whether Tony suggested spending an evening at the Santa Monica pier when she returned from the studio, dead tired, or visiting friends when she'd have preferred to stay home, she agreed so enthusiastically that it seemed all but ludicrous for Tony to even ask if she wanted to join him.

This continued till a Sunday evening about four months after they were married, when Tony proposed a grunion hunt. Much to his surprise, he got a determined "no thanks."

Tony didn't think he'd heard right. "Why not?"

"Because I don't like grunion hunting. I can't stand running along the dark beach after those wiggling little fish!"

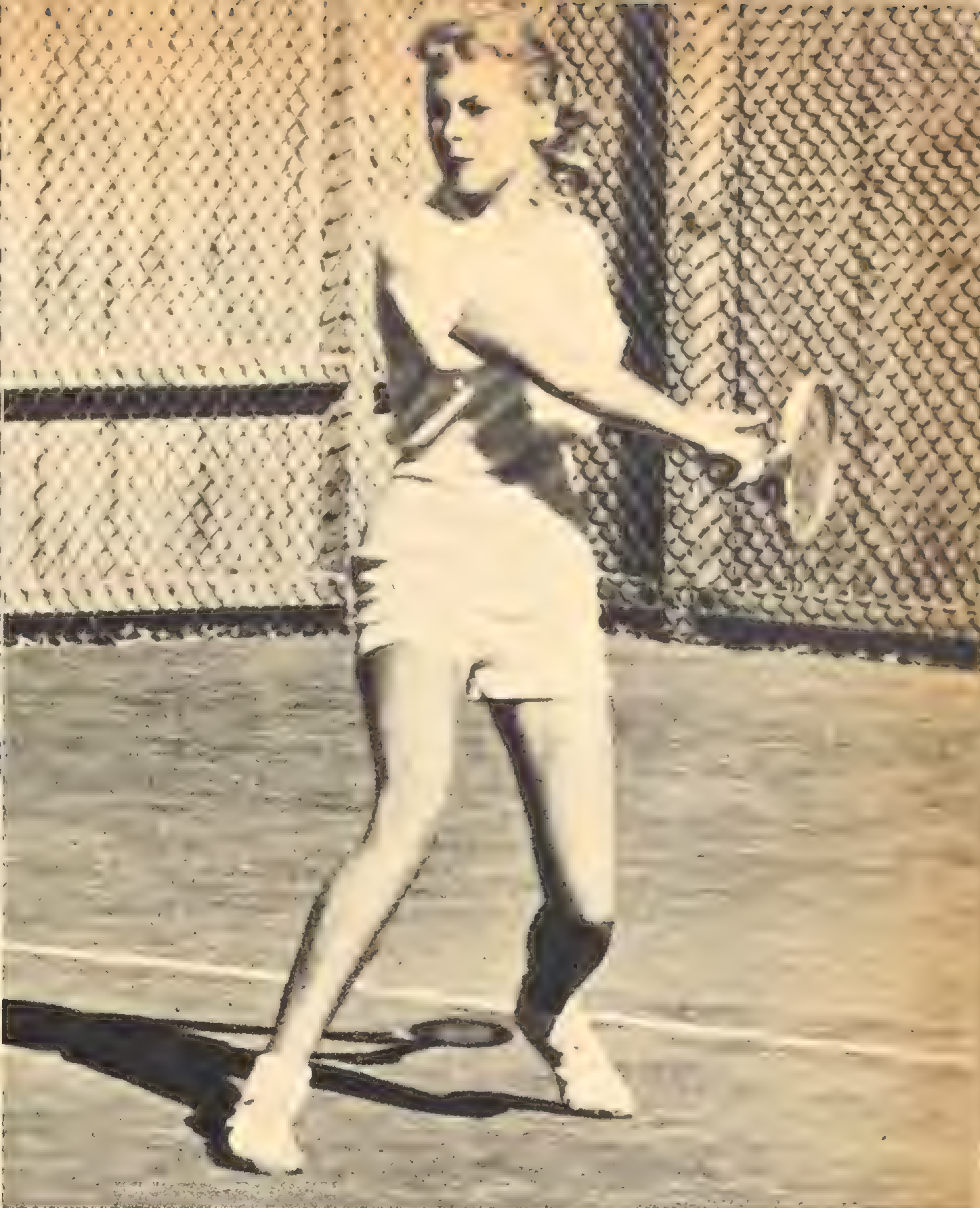
She thought they had reached the point where they had to be honest with one another, or else would continue in their world of make-believe till either, or both, got fed up with it, and possibly each other as well.

Her logic was sounder than she had anticipated. A big grin formed on Tony's face. "That's wonderful," he burst out.

FROM then on, he knew he could be truthful, too. As a result, both felt more relaxed in each other's company.

For that matter, Janet is probably more matter-of-fact about her marriage to Tony and their chances for happiness than any other girl in Hollywood.

Unsuccessful experiences in her previous married life have taught her that trying to "re-do" someone can lead to nothing but trouble. Referring to her marriage to Stanley Reams, she admits, "I wasn't willing to give him a chance to learn, to



COMPETITION is fierce when Janet and Tony play tennis, but they have learned that compromise is the way to happiness in marriage.

successfully combined her intensity with a level-headed approach

make allowances for our differences. At the same time, I was impatient with myself, didn't realize that adjustments take time. I had to find out that each individual is different. As for Stan, he was equally unprepared to take over the responsibilities of marriage."

From the very beginning, she knew the difficulties she and Tony faced, the adjustments and compromises that would have to be made, as well as the dangers that confronted their future. She had learned through some past hard knocks.

Sociologists claim that occurrences in the formative years influence our outlook for the rest of our lives. Taking this into consideration, it's doubly amazing that Tony and Janet have gotten along so well, for two more different personalities can hardly be found in Hollywood.

Tony Curtis, born Bernard Schwartz, was a self-made kid, raised in New York's lower East Side. He had learned about prejudices long before his teachers had a chance to impress upon him the three Rs.

Of Hungarian-Jewish descent, he was brought up in an almost ghetto-like environment amidst so much local nationalism, that when he enrolled in grammar school he knew Hungarian better than English. The holidays he celebrated, the customs he observed, the food he ate were so Hungarian that he might just as well have been born in Budapest.

On the other side of the continent, in Merced, California, Janet was raised in a typical small-town atmosphere. Her father, a plant superintendent, was not a wealthy man, but he could always provide his family with a comfortable home, an

ample diet, two weeks vacation in the summer, and in addition, put aside enough to send his daughter to college.

That these two people, so different in background and outlook on life have made a workable marriage, is largely due to their frank acknowledgement of their differences, and their willingness to share the adjustments.

So far, the biggest crisis Janet has faced was the loss of her first baby.

As she had wanted a child for so long, the news that she was "expecting" ushered in the happiest, most exciting phase of her life. Losing the baby, and without a husband at her side to console her—Tony was in Hawaii on location at the time—might have had much more serious consequences to someone less self-disciplined.

When the doctor, a woman, came into Janet's room, she feared the same reaction she had witnessed so many times on similar occasions. Instead, she found a pale, but composed, patient. There was no self-pity in Janet's voice when her first question was whether or not she could have another child.

"Of course you can," the doctor assured her.

Janet managed a smile. "Then this isn't so hard to take."

She went even one step further. Rather than moping about her ill-luck, though a mother in hope only, she started making detailed plans how to raise her child, or children. That takes courage. But then, Janet has learned the hard way that only a positive, realistic attitude can assure her the success, the happiness and peace of mind which every woman wants—and so few achieve.

END

Audrey Hepburn

At War and

**If you're wondering what's
become of Audrey, she and Mel
are on location in Rome,
filming Tolstoy's famous novel**



Peace

AUDREY waits for a cue, wearing a period gown for the Czar's ball.



LOVE scenes should be easy for Audrey and Mel Ferrer, who are happily married off the screen.

RELAXING between takes is Henry Fonda, who plays the awkward, kindly Pierre.



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BRISK card game occupies the lunch break for the Ferrers and Henry Fonda. Mel and Audrey are living on an Italian farm near Rome.

Glamour and drama—the versatile Audrey finds both in her challenging new role

MAY BRITT, the lovely Swede who plays Sonja, enjoys Fonda's jokes between scenes.





FLEEING from the army of Napoleon, Audrey reflects the rising tension as the historical drama approaches its climax.

HEARTS are dancing in a Moscow ballroom for a scene from the exciting drama, "War And Peace," a Paramount release.



WISTFUL eagerness of a girl at her first ball is conveyed by Audrey's expressive glance. This is her first movie since "Sabrina."

END

DORIS DAY:

It's mad . . . it's frantic . . . but one thing is certain—you'll get all the news about the Melchers when you make

A phone call to Doris

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

TELEPHONING Doris Day, I knew from past experience, could turn into quite a production and be a lot of fun. But this time I had only a couple of routine and rather mundane things to ask her. Should take only a moment or two, though. I dialed the number.

"May I speak to Mrs. Melcher? This is—"

"Well, *hi!*" came the familiar, silvery voice. "Where've you *been?* And what a gorgeous day! I just got out of the shower. I sun-bathed all morning and just came in to do some packing and you should see my freckles! My studio isn't going to like all these freckles! I look exactly like 'Alfalfa'—you know 'Alfalfa', I hope. It's so *funny*. I get all these

freckles on my face and just a couple on my back and none at all on my legs or arms. But I'm making some tests and the make-up people are moaning—simply moaning—about my face.

"Of course, I'm used to my freckles, but they seem to bother other people. Do you get freckles? I think they're sort of interesting. When I was a little girl I had an aunt who used to pretend to count the freckles on my nose. She said they were 'little charm spots' and she made me sort of feel that it was *special* to have freckles—oh, my goodness, will you excuse me a minute? The doorbell's ringing and I'll have to put something on—"

The phone was silent for a bit. Then Doris's voice again.

"I'm *so* sorry! Of course I didn't have to answer the door, myself, but I have a complex about doorbells and I just have to know who is there—when I'm at home. This was the man who came to connect our new automatic washer-and-dryer. It's the most wonderful thing. It simply does *everything*. I think it has human intelligence. Do you think machines can have human intelligence? It's a rather frightening idea . . . Still, it would be nice to have machines take over all the dull things everyone has to do . . . like making sandwiches and packing trunks and . . . what are some other awfully dull things? Sorting things to go to the cleaners, thinking up different kinds of vegetables for dinner . . ."

"Look, Doris, you said you were packing. You must be going somewhere and you're probably busy. I just wanted to ask you a couple of—"

A cascade of giggles erupted. "I *think* we're going away for a long week-end, but I'm not sure where—or even whether! Things are always happening to us to change our plans. But I'm packing just the same. I'm getting so I like to pack.

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"WHAT'S NEW?" Let me see . . . " says Doris.
"Oh, yes, Marty gave me a fur coat and two stoles."



"I SUNBATHED all morning and you should see my freckles! My studio isn't going to like those freckles, but I'm used to them."



AT HOME, Doris is bright and breezy and talks like a gay little machine gun on the phone as she flits from subject to subject.



AT THE STUDIO, Doris is more subdued but warm and friendly.

The Doris who greets you on the

But Marty just doesn't quite understand . . . about clothes and things.

"Do you know what he did last spring when we were planning for our very first trip abroad? We were to be gone ten whole weeks. And we were taking Terry with us. Well—Marty came home one day and said, proudly, that he had ordered our new luggage. When it came—guess what he bought. Three trunks. *Three!* And he knew perfectly well that when I go to Palm Springs or Lake Tahoe for a week-end I take almost my entire wardrobe . . . and that three trunks wouldn't begin to hold what I want for three days!

IT ISN'T that I think I'm going to wear everything I own in that three days. It's just that if I suddenly think of something I'd like to put on, I like to have it there. It's sort of comfortable to know that you have all those things with you, even in a strange place. Sort of like putting down temporary roots, I guess. Makes you feel at home.

"But—" the giggles erupted again. "Can you imagine the three of us all over Europe—with *three* trunks? I don't know how many we finally took. Marty attended to it."

I suddenly had a fabulous mental picture of Marty, "attending to" the number of trunks Doris felt she must have on that trip! He began to take on heroic proportions in my eyes.

"Doris," I said, feeling guilty, "I know you're busier than



THERE'S no trace of the light-hearted Doris as she rehearses a dramatic scene. She's really a fun gal who loves parties and picnics.

phone with a "Well, hi!" is quite different from the busy film star

busy so I'll be very brief. I just wanted to ask you about—"

"I know!" she came back, happily. "You wanted to ask me about parties! You and I always talk about parties. Well—we went to the most divine party this week. It was a surprise for Jerry Lewis—you know how Marty and I adore Jerry. I don't know exactly why Jerry rated a surprise party—it wasn't his birthday or anything—maybe because he has sort of made up with Dean. Only they haven't made up enough so that Dean was *there*—I guess I don't know why the party was given! But it was wonderful, anyway.

"We played that horse-racing game and it's simply the most. I love good games. And there was a huge cake, tall as a house, with Jerry's name on it, and he was so *funny* when he had to cut it. And Sammy Kahn had written a lot of parodies on songs, all about Jerry, and they were wonderful. Jerry was so surprised. But so were the rest of us. I do love surprises!" She sighed an ecstatic little sigh.

"There was such wonderful food, too. A buffet. I asked for the recipes for everything because I'm going to give some wonderful parties of my own—just as soon as we get back from this trip—if we take it—and get things settled about my new pictures and— Say! Now I think of it, I've been planning to give some good parties for about a *year*. Of course, we went to Europe but—" She was obviously considering something. "M-mm," she said, "It's time I gave some parties."

"Have you had any good surprises lately?" I asked. I was beginning to feel as gay and giddy as she sounded. "Your family seems to specialize in them."

"Surprises?" She thought. "No—," regretfully, "no—I can't think of any just recently. Y'know—," she had evidently reached an important conclusion, "Y'know—when you're too busy for parties *or* surprises—well, you're too busy. That's all."

There was a thoughtful kind of silence and I gathered that some changes were about to be made in the Melchers' various busy-nesses. Just then the wind shifted or something and she exploded:—

"Hi! Did I tell you what happened about the suits I said I wanted to get for my trip abroad last spring? You know—the really good suits for traveling? Well, I couldn't get things here to fit me—ready-made, I mean. So when I got to New York I ordered some custom-tailored things and had fittings. I was determined to have *good* suits! And y'know what happened? By the time they were finished and delivered to me in Europe—I was ready to come home again! A fine thing! To get suits to travel in after I'd already done my traveling!!" There were silvery cascades of giggles.

Then a small shriek. "Did I say I hadn't had any *surprises*?" she demanded. "Well, what's with me, anyhow? I've had *three* in just the past few weeks and they were *all furs*!"

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"The first one was a full-length pastel mink coat and it was just delivered casually at the door one day, like a package from the drugstore, with a card from Marty. I *died*!"

"The next one was a black diamond stole . . . gorgeous! Delivered the same way. You know—no fanfare. It's such fun, having surprises sneak up on you that way!"

"**A**ND then—and *then*—Marty brought home a sapphire stole, just like that, and said, 'Can you use this, honey? I think it's time you had some nice furs. Next time we'll get a white one.'"

"And while I was squealing and hugging the sapphire thing . . . you know how I always squeal when I'm excited . . . I suddenly said, 'Marty Melcher! All these furs! I'll be afraid to wear them because I know they must be "hot."' I'm not in pictures for nothing. I know some underworld slang. But Marty laughed at the gag and now we always refer to them as my 'hot furs'."

Your reporter reports that a slight grogginess overtook her

just about here. "No surprises," the girl had said, *distinctly*. And she had "almost forgotten" a trio of gorgeous fur wraps! My little refrain of, "I just wanted to ask you—" was growing rather faint. It seemed to matter less and less.

"Picnics," Doris was saying, firmly, to my considerable astonishment—I couldn't imagine how that subject could have crept in. "Picnics," she repeated, "are very important to this family. But we've had to make some changes. Remember how we used to go up to Griffith Park and organize baseball games and things. Well, the autograph people finally found out and—I love to sign autographs. You know that. But when you're on your own, personal, family picnic—Ooops! Excuse me just a moment—MAR-TY! Hi, Honey! I'm in here—on the phone—" Back to me again. "Marty just came in . . . I'll be with you in a minute!"

There were sounds of exuberant greetings and much chatter and little screams and Doris's voice, informing Marty, "I'm on the phone and we're talking about picnics—such fun! After that we're going to talk about parties—you know, the ones we



HER ROLE in "Love Me Or Leave Me" gave Doris the opportunity to combine singing and dancing with emoting and proved her versatility.

success as a dramatic actress

haven't had yet." Then her voice to me again, informing me, with my favorite redundancy of this or any other week, "Marty just came in. Now, where were we? Picnics!

"Oh, yes. We've found a place in the foothills where we can park and then hike wa'ay up high until we find a good spot. And we can take the dogs . . . it's wonderful for them because they have to be penned up all the time. Sometimes we feel a little bit penned up, too, so it's wonderful for all of us to get away.

"We have this out-of-this-world picnic hamper that keeps things hot or cold or medium and I think we're a little old-fashioned about what we like to take on picnics. Cold fried chicken, hot baked chili beans, potato salad, sliced ham, chocolate cake and—oh, yes!—quantities and *quantities* of dill pickles. I love those the best of all. Oh, please excuse me one more minute—I *have* to know who's at the door—"

A moment later. "Flowers. I wonder who from—? And why—? Not Marty. He always brings 'em. Hmmm. Where was I? I know! Machines with brains." My slight gasp wasn't noticed as she lilted on.

"**W**ELL, Marty bought me a machine that not only has brains—it has *muscles*, too!" (Doris always talks in italics, like a gay little machine gun.) "This thing is for when I'm working too hard on a picture and get dumpish from not having regular exercise and d'you know what? You just lie *in bed* and let this thing work on you and it does everything you would do for yourself if you were swimming and playing tennis all over the place or even fencing. I think machines *are* rather frightening—but nice. There goes the doorbell again." Silence. Then, in a disappointed voice, "Just someone collecting for a newspaper or something! *Hi!* Weren't you asking me about parties?"

"What I really wanted to ask you—" I began, for what seemed like the zillionth time, "—was—" I got no further.

Doris was saying, happily, "I've shopped and shopped for gag favors and decorations and party dishes and funny napkins and Marty has rehearsed and rehearsed all those wonderful barbecue sauces he's going to make. Because he really does look so handsome in his big chef's hat and apron! Terry and I have been simply saturated in barbecue sauces and those marinade things for steaks and chops.

"And we have this simply super 'porch room' which we added to the house—it opens onto the patio and is especially for parties. A big room, with a lot of rush rugs and sprawly rattan furniture and bright-colored sailcloth drapes and cushions. I've been *so* afraid the drapes would start to fade before all our friends even saw them. But now, as soon as we get back from this trip—if we manage to take the trip—I'll start on those parties!

"I used to hate to give parties but now, since Marty told me—I love it—

"O-mi-gosh! The designer's here to give me some fittings on costumes. I'll *have* to go. Did you say you had something special you wanted to ask me—besides all these other things? What was it?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," I told her, feeling somehow all out of breath. "I'll call you tomorrow. Or—here's a better idea! I'll write you a letter and put the questions in it, just as soon as I can remember what they were."

"Well, *hi!* This has been *fun!* Call me when you want to know anything at all—And you have fun in the meantime!"

I can't think of anything that's much more fun—or much more frantic—than a phone call to Doris.

END



SO SUPERB was Doris in the dramatic Ruth Etting role, she's now in a Hitchcock thriller, "The Man Who Knew Too Much."

DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT...

Is this guy sentimental!



MOM'S in the convertible, not the kitchen these days. Devotion of Rock to his mother, his favorite woman, is frank and undisguised.

**It's not the corny kind
of sentiment that makes strong
men weep, but a real healthy
streak that comes naturally to
a big warm-hearted guy**

By JIM COOPER

WHILE Rock Hudson was working at Warner Brothers in "Giant" on loanout from Universal-International, he had to return to his home studio for a week's retakes on "All That Heaven Allows." When he returned to Warners he found in his dressing room, a beautifully wrapped parcel, all bedecked with ribbons and gold thingumajigs. Inside was a bottle of champagne and a card which said, simply, "Welcome back, Rock! We missed you!" There was no name signed to it.

"Think of that!" Rock marveled, telling about it. "I don't belong to Warners. I'm just on loan to them for this picture. But someone was thoughtful enough and kind enough to want to make me feel good about coming back, to want me

to feel welcome. And I can't even say, 'Thank you,' because I've no idea who it was.

"I keep thinking about it. Someone was awfully friendly and it made me feel pretty warm inside. I guess I'm sentimental about things like that."

A lot of people don't realize it, but Rock is basically an easy-going, good-natured person, with a sentimental streak as wide as anyone's. Not the corny kind of sentiment that gets all wet-eyed over sad stories in the magazines or droops over "lost causes," but the straightforward, sentimental feelings which come naturally to a healthy, big-hearted guy.

He is sentimental about some of his friends, about music, about Christmas and birthdays and certain places he has visited.

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EASY-GOING and good-natured, and a fast man with a laugh, Rock also has a sentimental streak in him that is as wide as they come.

moved by devotion of others



KIND of shy, Rock has never suffered from a swelled head, sends literally hundreds of cards at Christmas, personally wraps all gifts.

This guy can even wax sentimental about food on occasion!

His trip abroad last summer brought out a lot of this. The mention of Rome still makes him a little glassy-eyed.

"That Rome—" he sighs. "Remember the fountain at Trevi in 'Three Coins In The Fountain'? They say that if you drop a coin into it you will be sure to come back. Well, after I'd been in Rome a day or two I hunted up that fountain and dropped a coin in, just for insurance. After another day or so I went back and dropped in some more coins. As the city really took hold of me, I kept on dropping coins in there until suddenly I thought, 'Look here, Hudson—if you keep this up you won't have enough money to come back!' But that's the way I felt about it."

"**I** USED to go out alone at night and walk around the streets in the darkness, just sort of feeling the city, smelling it, listening to it, trying somehow to make it a part of me—to keep until I can go back. I'm sentimental about that, all right."

There were other things on the trip to cause him nostalgia, too. Village inns in France where the customers ate in the gardens and—this is where the sentiment over food comes in!

"Not what you had to eat in the big, glittery places," he made haste to add. "I didn't see many of those, anyhow. I mean in the little places, some of them about the size of an American kitchen, where for very modest prices you ate things that looked and tasted like works of art. I guess they really were, at that, because some of those places had been in the same families for generations and all this knowledge had been handed down. They *care* about making it good. They're proud of it. I want to visit some of those places again and one of the nice things about it is that I know they won't change."

He is sentimentally devoted to some of the people who stood by him and helped and encouraged him in his early days in pictures when the going was sometimes pretty rough.



SMILING Rock shows his appreciation of waitress at U-I commissary who enjoys mothering him and insists upon ordering all his meals.

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Judy Garland:

COMEBACK

**Judy's return to the screen
was the most spectacular in
years, but did it peter
out? What is behind those
rumors of "temperament"?
Here is the untold story**



REUNION in Las Vegas finds former teen co-stars Mickey and Judy changed. She has been concentrating mostly on TV and stage.

IN THE dark of a deserted auditorium in Pasadena, a group of newspaper columnists, show folk and hangers-on sat quietly waiting.

On the stage, the usual chorus boys in tight pants did their kicks. The director who was rehearsing them paced back and forth. The orchestra tried a few bars, stopped on command, started over. It was the usual hit-and-miss, dull, repetitious business of rehearsing.

But suddenly a short, plump figure wearing cotton pedal pushers and a loose-hanging shirt walked onto the stage. Judy Garland took her position in the rehearsal and began to sing. The notes of "The Man Who Got Away" magically transformed that unglamorous scene.

I watched the kibitzers in the audience sit on the edge of their seats and watch Judy intently.

Did Judy's "comeback" fizzle? The tremendous power of the singer on that stage and the success of her recent tour of one-night stands would seem to make the answer "no." But there is another side to this picture.

We now dissolve to another scene, in a 20th Century-Fox studio office. They're casting for "Carousel," one of the big

musicals of the year. The script has been sent to Judy. But after negotiations the word filters back: the "difficult-to-work-with star" is demanding too much. Her weight is up to 175 pounds. The part went to slim, young and pretty Shirley Jones, the star of the movie, "Oklahoma."

That, of course, is the opposite side to Judy's comeback.

It now has been two years since she began work on that highly-touted comeback picture, "A Star Is Born," and three years since her first comeback job, on the stage at the London Palladium and the New York Palace.

Many words have flowed over Hollywood typewriters about whether Judy Garland could return to show business as an established star.

The night "A Star Is Born" opened at the Pantages Theatre in Hollywood, searchlights blazed, fans yelled and columnists hailed her "comeback" in a picture that had been the most publicized in recent years.

But what happened to that comeback? Did it stick? The answer seems to be, yes and no.

Judy has returned to show business a changed woman. She now is established as an entertainer in the Fanny Brice-

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or fizzle?

By ALINE MOSBY



CHILD prodigy at four, Judy was already living in the glare of lights. A bride at 19, her marriage to Dave Rose lasted only three years.

**When personal problems threatened to end her movie career,
Judy had to start at the bottom, rebuilding her life completely**

HEIGHT of Judy's career found her seeking security in marriage to Vincente Minnelli and raising of daughter Liza. Divorce came in 1951.





TRAMP NUMBER highlighted Judy's brilliant comeback at the Palace Theatre and marked the beginning of new hope and happiness.

Al Jolson-Ethel Merman school. She piled up big grosses on a recent one-night-stand tour—something few performers in the country would dare to attempt. She signed for a big CBS television show. She is being wooed by Las Vegas night clubs. She apparently will always be in demand as a “live” entertainer.

But Judy's career in movies has definitely changed, too. In that realm, the highly-praised “comeback” did not pan out as spectacularly as perhaps Hollywood at first figured. No more will fans see the Judy of yore, who made at least one musical film a year. As Judy is a great talent, she always will be offered film scripts—despite the fact studios know she is not the easiest breeze to work with.

But due to her weight and her script demands, Judy's films will be an occasional thing. It is doubtful if she ever again

will be a steadily-working motion picture star. Yet what films she will do undoubtedly will be special and noteworthy. There is evidence that this is the way Judy wants it—and most likely that arrangement will be best for her.

By contrast, the new Judy is quite a change from the old variety. It is a distance not measured just in years to that little girl with the burning, sad eyes who worked at MGM. Judy was the child prodigy who, pushed by her mother, had worked constantly since she was a tot on the vaudeville stage.

But the fame and fat bank account did not bring her a happy personal life. As she grew older, Judy had a difficult time finding love. There was one unhappy marriage, to David Rose, and then a second to Vincente Minnelli. During that second try, as headline readers all remember, came Judy's great problems—the lack of self-confidence, boredom with

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If two friends hadn't kept hammering away at Tab Hunter, he probably would be nowhere as an actor today

"They wouldn't let me quit"



By DENNIS JAMES

Star of TV's "On Your Account"

IT TAKES a heap o' talent and hard work to make a good actor. But many good actors never quite make the grade. For *success*, in almost every case, they need a few lucky breaks plus a boost from someone ready to extend a helping hand.

Handsome, husky, All-American-type Tab Hunter is the first to admit he had the somewhat unique distinction of reaching success before he became a *good* actor. Teen-age fans—older ones, too—began idolizing him and made him a box-office attraction after seeing him in his first sizable role—and only his second appearance before movie cameras—in "Island Of Desire." The picture was less than great and Tab's acting was appraised as even less than that. But the heavy fan mail he got and the fan magazine coverage started him on the road to success.

Later, he started working to become a *good* actor. Even the critics who had panned his talent earlier admitted that in "Battle Cry" he gave a good performance. And this last year, in his own words, "I've truthfully been working very hard—on

acting." His role with John Wayne and Lana Turner in "The Sea Chase" did little for him, but if you happened to see him on TV in the "Climax" presentation of the story of ballplayer Jim Piersall, "Fear Strikes Out," you saw him give a fine performance, reflecting his recent study.

But going back, Tab also is quick to admit that without the encouragement and help of two men he'd probably be nowhere as an actor.

"I've known since I was a little kid that I wanted to be an actor but I let myself be sidetracked. I was an idiot that I didn't apply myself sooner. I could kick myself that I didn't. And except for Paul Guilfoyle and Dick Clayton I don't think I ever would have really started," says this 24-year-old with unruly blond hair.

As you probably know, Tab had a hard, knockabout childhood. His father walked out on his family, leaving his wife with Tab and his brother Walt, both very young, with no support. Of necessity the two boys were boarded out while Mrs. Gelien—Tab's real name is Art Gelien—worked to support them, much of the time as a physio-therapist and ship's nurse on the Matson Line. Later, she had jobs ashore but the boys were on their own during the day.

But, fortunately, Tab's mother—"a wonderful woman with great, great faith"—managed to instill the moral verities in her sons. Tab early in life began to find spare-time jobs to pick up extra money. One of his favorites was working as a part-time stable boy at a riding academy near Los Angeles' Griffith Park, when he was 12. He was crazy about ice skating and horses and all his spare cash went for those sports.

It was at the stables that Tab first met Dick Clayton.

"Dick was an actor then. He had a real slick convertible and he seemed to have a different pretty girl with him every week-end when he came to ride. He liked me and a couple of other kids who always

hung around and used to take us for a ride in his car and buy us ice cream. I thought he was great. I saw him just about every week for three years," recalls Tab.

Meantime, Tab appeared in his first school play, "Wedding Shoes," while attending Mt. Vernon Junior High and this first dabbling in acting intrigued him so much that he persuaded his mother to let him enroll after junior high graduation at a professional dramatic school.

"But in all honesty, I must admit I didn't take advantage of the training. I was more interested in the idea that all classes were in the morning and I could spend afternoons skating or riding," says this candid young man.

Tab matured early. At 15 he was as tall as he is now, although not so husky, and his restless spirit had also reached its full proportions. A half-year later, aching to go away to far places, he persuaded his mother to let him enter the Coast Guard. Naturally, he exaggerated his age. After boot training on a tiny Pacific island he was transferred to the Coast Guard School in Groton, Conn. And while there, his mother wrote that his old friend Dick Clayton was working in a New York musical comedy.

On a week-end pass Tab went to New York, had a jovial reunion with Dick and that's when their real friendship started.

"Every week-end I could make it I'd go down to Dick's apartment. I nearly ate him out of house and home and he got me tickets for shows, because I never seemed to have any money. But more importantly, he convinced me that I *could* be an actor someday if I'd work.

"Dick kept hammering at me that I had to study. I didn't realize at the time how



ONE of Tab's best acting jobs was on a recent "Climax" TV show with Mona Freeman.

See Dennis James daily on "On Your Account," CBS-TV, 4:30 p.m. EST, sponsored by Procter & Gamble.



EVEN now Tab admits he lacks complete self-confidence, but he's taking his work seriously these days and is studying hard to improve as an actor.

important his advice was, but I do now. We've remained friends through the years. He became an agent and now that I've just switched agencies he is *my* agent. Isn't that the long arm of coincidence? I should point out that Dick now is happy that in the last year I've been really taking my work seriously and have been studying, hard!

"Even now I lack complete confidence and I was scared blue to tackle that live TV show for Climax. Dick was there for the dress rehearsal—and that was *before* he was my agent—and he sure did help my morale. He's a real friend and I owe him a lot." Tab adds.

Paul Guilfoyle he credits with giving him confidence for the first time because it was Paul, an actor and dialogue di-

rector, who got him his first break in "Island Of Desire."

The Coast Guard discovered when Tab was still 16 that he was under age and he was quickly discharged. He returned to the West Coast, had a succession of odd jobs, then a chance meeting with an agent resulted in his first brief role in "The Lawless." But nothing happened. Tab went back to odd jobs.

Meantime, he went backstage at the Coronet Theatre one night after a performance of "Skin Of Our Teeth" and met Guilfoyle who had directed the play. During the next two years he met Guilfoyle on only two other occasions, but then in 1949 Paul, whose memory was long, got Tab that break he needed. Director Stuart Heisler told Paul about the difficulty he

was having in finding a young actor to play the under-aged Marine in "Island."

"I know a kid just like that, who went in the Coast Guard when he was only 15," Guilfoyle told his friend Heisler. Paul located Tab, took him to Heisler and producer David Rose for an interview and talked them into giving Tab a test.

"Then for a month, four nights a week, Paul worked with me on the script before I took my test," Tab recalls. "Paul gave me the confidence I needed so badly and he literally *made* me get that role. Maybe I wasn't good in the picture, but it did get me started. So I certainly have to say that on Paul's account, I'm very grateful, too. Without Dick and Paul, I'd probably still be nothing. And I'm proud and gratified that we're all still good friends." **END**

After 18 Years, the Jackpot

**Hal March put everything he had into his drive for success
and scored a grand slam with "The \$64,000 Question"**

By FLORENCE EPSTEIN

IT SEEMS like past history now—although it was only a few months ago—that Imogene Coca said of Hal March, "He's going to be a big star. I'd put a bet on it." She should have gone for the \$64,000. For shortly thereafter, Hal became quizmaster of that phenomenal CBS show, "The \$64,000 Question." It had its debut in June of this year and in ten weeks made mincemeat of all its competitors. Not only that, but 50,000,000 viewers have turned it into the top show on video.

Everybody watches. Jack Benny included. Newspapers, magazines and news services splash announcements across the continent about the show's contestants, debate their chances of winning the loot and warn them about federal taxation.

A usually sober-minded columnist devoted a couple of days to discussing the superiority and spiritual lift of a program that represents the American dream. You can go from rags to riches on Hal March's show—not because you're lucky or can crack peanut shells with your ankle, but because you possess a fantastic memory in a field that has nothing to do with your ordinary life. When Gino Prato, a Bronx shoemaker who's had operas running through his head since childhood, settled for 32,000 smackers, the whole world smacked its lips in delight. When last seen, Gino was strolling in Italy with Ambassador Luce and Joe DiMaggio. "It happened to him," other opera lovers say, "It could happen to me too."

The \$64,000 question may not bring the high tone of intellectualism to a medium which is generally lowbrow, but at least it has taught a lesson to cynical program directors. The American public is not composed of morons, and the man (or woman) on the street may be a match for a college professor any day.

Riding the crest of this revolution in thinking is Hal with a five-year contract and a good enough salary to not mind handing out those thousands to others.

"I love this show," he says. "Where else could I get a chance to meet such rich people? And this a real legit operation. That's why it's just as exciting to me as to the audience. I don't see the questions until Lynn Dollar—now there's an appropriate name if I ever heard one—hands them to me."

And when Lynn leads a lucky contestant—one who's hurdled the jumps for smaller change and is ready to break the bank—to the isolation booth, Hal's palms sweat. "Sure I get nervous," he says. "If too many people miss a stake like that, who do you think's going to be the most hated man on TV?"

The way it looks now, Hal—if he is not already—is more likely to be the most famous man on that magic screen. The fact is, he can hardly believe it. For eighteen years he'd been knocking himself out in show business. He had the kind of face that always made people say, "Haven't I seen him somewhere be-


fore?" They probably had—in any number of places from crummy night clubs and burlesque houses to three-second takes in motion pictures. He'd appeared on "The Colgate Comedy Hour" and was a frequent guest on Perry Como's show. But even though Hal's act was always great, he didn't become—until recently—a big star in his own right. It was just one of those things.

When he tried out for the \$64,000 job he had to buck competition from 300 screen celebrities, commentators, actors and top emcees who also applied. Maybe it was luck, maybe it was an inevitable conclusion that Hal should win. He'd put everything he ever had into his drive for success, and someday it had to pay off.

HE WAS born in San Francisco 35 years ago. There are three sisters and one brother in the family, but Hal's the only entertainer. His father ran a grocery and delicatessen store and Hal spent his impressionable youth listening to the customers. Even before he wore long pants he had a big enough repertoire of comic dialect to make a living.

He was in a hurry to acquire those pants. When he was 12 he appeared in an operetta at junior high and never got over the sound of applause. He left high school at 17 to join a night club act which traveled around California. He'd been offered a scholarship to the Pasadena

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"WHO do you think will be
the most hated man on TV if
someone misses that \$64,000?"

continued

Playhouse but he turned it down because he "couldn't waste time getting started." At the age of 21, he knew everything there was about burlesque, but it didn't do him much good in the Army to which he was called in 1941. For three years, he was a radar operator in the Coast Artillery. When he was discharged he became "the worst radio announcer ever to hit San Francisco."

Fortunately he didn't stay there long. In 1944 he rode down to L.A. to storm that citadel. He very nearly starved to death. But then he teamed up with a fellow named Bob Sweeney and ate good for 89 weeks while their CBS comedy show lasted. When the team split up Hal worked as a single—in radio soap opera and on the "Sam Spade" series. He was the first Harry Morton of the Burns and Allen show, and when Marie Wilson needed a sweetheart for "My Friend Irma," he answered the call. Once, when Hal played a butler on "The Cavalcade Of Stars" he had the distinction of getting his nose broken in front of everybody by a bottle that slipped out of Jackie Gleason's hand. It hurt, but it got laughs.

Wherever you looked, you found Hal. You can see him now in MGM's new musical, "It's Always Fair Weather," where he turns up hilariously as a punch drunk fighter. If he'd made the movie later this year he might have been one of the stars. Even so his highly skilled acting will help sell that picture.

More than a comic, Hal has an appeal as a human being that people respond to. It's a quality Imogene Coca was search-



HAL loves his work. "Where else do I get a chance to meet such rich people?" he asks.



REACHING for a question: Hal's fast-paced life has so far left him no time for marriage.

ing for last year when her TV show needed something like a blood transfusion. She kept looking for a leading man who'd make her feel warm and funny. "I want Hal March," she'd tell the producers who wanted aspirin. They didn't listen. "I want Hal March," she moaned, threatening to expire. So, finally, they gave her Hal March and the show bloomed.

"You know, he inspires me," Imogene said. "Like one night I had a pencil in my hand and got an irresistible urge to draw a mustache on him—even though it wasn't in the script. I *had* to do it. People told me later it was great."

About that time Hal started a show of his own, originating in Hollywood. He and Tom D'Andrea figured they could pull a million laughs out of joshing the Army and went into partnership. They appeared every week on NBC-TV as "The Soldiers." When "The \$64,000 Question" came along Hal staggered his friends with his work schedule. He spent one night a week in a Manhattan hotel, two nights on coast-to-coast planes and four in his duplex apartment in West Hollywood.

"I go through so many time shifts," he said, "I don't bat an eye to find my watch three hours off."

This pace that kills hardly seemed to bother him. "Luckily, I can sleep anywhere, anytime," he said, casually.

But whether he knew it or not the pressure was building. Last August he told a newspaper reporter that he and D'Andrea were splitting. "I would pull out even if there was no \$64,000 question," Hal said.

"Tom and I have simply become emotionally incompatible."

Of his duplex apartment in Hollywood—where he designed most of the furniture—he says, "It's pretty nice for an old vaudeville Joe."

Of his bachelorhood he says, "My life was never sufficiently stabilized to make me a good husband, although I've met girls who would have made wonderful wives." If people sniff at that explanation, he's got one they can't question. It's—"I'm willing, but haven't the time."

He does have time to relax once in a while. He's a great record collector and mad about sports. Somewhere back in the days of struggle he let off a lot of steam in the San Francisco boxing rings where he fought 25 bouts as an amateur. He doesn't box anymore. In fact, he's made a surprising switch. He spends his free time punching typewriter keys—he's seriously interested in writing. Right now, he's at work on a psychological novel in which he'll trace the development of six conflicting facets in one man's character.

Like most first novels it may be autobiographical. If so, Hal March is like many other well-known comedians and television personalities. He's deeper and sadder than the glittering smile would have you know.

But not so deep or so sad that he isn't having a ball every Tuesday night when he comes into many millions of American homes as host—and as an instrument of Fate—to the kind of people who would be welcomed in anyone's living room. **END**

Marisa and Pier: Feuding Twins?

continued from page 21

the next day. If either one of us gets a cold or a stomach ache, the other one feels it."

Pier even voluntarily shed light on then current rumors that she and Marisa were in the outs because of her engagement to Vic Damone.

"When I told her Vic and I were engaged," she admitted, "it was a terrible shock. She took it very hard. But it was because she didn't want to lose me. She was so upset by the thought of us being separated that she couldn't talk to me. For a week, we just said hello to each other. Every time I would go over to her, she would cry. But later, she was all right. She wanted to be sure I would be happy."

In the year since Pier's marriage, time has wrought its not uncommon miracle. She and Marisa no longer sleep in the same bed. It is perhaps no longer a case of Pier making the bed, and Marisa lying in it. For the first time in her life, Marisa is no longer in the shadow of her 20-second older twin. She shows signs of thriving on her independence. Both she and Pier, each in her own way, seem happier than ever.

Marisa, once the usually overlooked also-ran, has gone from one important motion picture to another ("Rose Tattoo" to "Diane"), and what must surely be the ultimate triumph for her, she has been signed—on her own merits—to do a picture for MGM, her sister's studio.

Each of the unidentical twins now has an identity of her own—as well as a personality and appearance of her own.

Even before Pier married, Marisa was scrupulous to lift herself by her own bootstraps. Only once, and then by chance, did they make pictures at the same studio—when Pier starred at Warners in "The Silver Chalice" and Marisa did "Drum Beat" with Alan Ladd.

And, as it turned out, both Pier and Marisa had been considered for "The Rose Tattoo," which fell to Marisa. That, too, may have wrought some therapy.

Once, while she was making "Drum Beat," there was an inadvertent slip of the sardonic when Marisa remarked during an interview, "I had a chance to see a new part of the country in Arizona, which is so beautiful. We made nearly all the picture at Sedona."

Then Marisa turned sweetly to her sister, who was sitting with her, and said:

"Even my sister hasn't had that kind of experience, have you?"

"No," laughed Pier brightly, "I'm seeing America last."

It well could be that Marisa's determination to make her own way in pictures was not only a fight for her independence, but a fight to preserve her friendship with her sister.

Long before Pier married Vic, Marisa had declared her intention of establishing a separate career and a separate home. There was no animosity, but there was a



MARISA had her most challenging role to date with Ben Cooper in "The Rose Tattoo."

definite line of demarcation. One would always drop by to see the other on the set, and their meetings always were warm and sincere. Whenever possible, however, Marisa avoided being photographed together with Pier.

"I want to build my own career, myself," she explained simply, "not as Pier's sister."

More than a career of her own, Marisa has been making a life of her own. She has clung to and learned to rely on her own characteristics, and avoided the fatal error of mimicking her sister's mannerisms, however enchanting. She has made an impact with *her* beauty and *her* charm, and has won friends with the warmth that flows from *her* personality and *her* temperament. She has been rushed by some of Hollywood's most formidable beaux, including Richard Egan, the late James Dean who once had eyes only for Pier, Ben Cooper and Perry Lopez, to name a few of the boys.

"Pier and Marisa?" one of them exclaimed. "They're as different as day and night! But both of them are beautiful. God, are they beautiful!"

It seems that after 23 years, Marisa has discovered that 20 seconds don't have to be an eternity. It may well be that she has learned the most important lesson of all—that what really matters is not who is first, but that she is in the running.

Pier has been caught. Now it's Marisa's turn to be pursued. It appears, after all, that it will take more than a 20-second birth differential to cheat either of the Pierangeli twins of their happiness—even though they both go about it in their own unidentical ways.

END



INSEPARABLE until Pier (left) married Vic Damone, each sister now goes her own way.

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let's look at the RECORDS



Reviews of new discs by BOB CROSBY

PEGGY KING inches into the Country & Western fold with "Learning To Love" for Columbia. Pretty Peggy gives an artful swing to the seductive lyrics. For contrast, flip's a sweetly tender "Song Of Seventeen"... Plenty of play's in store for Nat (King) Cole's "Someone You Love" and "Forgive My Heart," Capitol platter. Two danceable, romanceable ballads—plus The King's intimate tones... What better name for an album by Perry Como than "So Smooth"? Fits the man and the music. A fine anthology of pop tunes of day-before-yesterday (Victor)... The shoutin'est gal in town, and you know there's only one Georgia Gibbs, belts out "I Want You To Be My Baby" and sounds like she means it. "Come Rain Or Come Shine" makes a good combo for Mercury... Brace yourselves and no crowding in the aisles—Sinatra's back with a song and it's "Same Ole Saturday Night." It's a chant with a strong beat, and the platter's a two-sided honey, with "Fairy Tale" on flip (Capitol)... Dot's the first in the field with "The Shifting, Whispering Sands," a folksy, C&W type on two sides. An interesting combo of narration by Ken Nordene with instrumental backing by Billy Vaughn.

The McGuire Sisters are harmonizing themselves up to high C with a two-sided hit for Coral. When those voices sing "Give Me Love" who could say no? Flip, "Sweet Song Of India" is an oldie with a new, smooth treatment... Jo Stafford, for Columbia, and Julius La Rosa, for Cadence, have each waxed an inspirational, beautifully-melodic number called "Suddenly There's A Valley." Differently arranged, both versions are a delight, both sensitive and sincere. Columbia's reverse is "The Night Watch"; for Cadence, La Rosa sings "Everytime That I Kiss Carrie."

It was bound to happen—the song of

the motorcycle is heard in the land, with The Cheers interpreting the excitement and the rhythm and the off-beat color of "Black Denim Trousers." Flip's a catchy tune, "Some Night In Alaska" (Capitol)... All you Frankie Laine fans gather round, because here's the hit he's been looking for—"Hawk-Eye," a happy-sounding tune made to order for that infectious Laine styling. "Your Love" backs the Columbia disk... Mantovani does London and Cole Porter proud with his distinctive rendition of "Begin The Beguine." Charm takes the place of the rhythmic throbbing we usually associate with this number, but with Mantovani waving the baton, who's to argue? Flip's "Our Dream Waltz"—pure joy... I don't believe it myself but The Four Tophatters claim you can get "Forty-Five Men In A Telephone Booth" and prove it with a gay, rollicking R&B rhythm. Back it up with "Wild Rosie" on the reverse (Cadence).

Now to get "Down To Eartha" and it couldn't be more fun. Kitt fans will be a-whistlin' these impudent tunes along with tongue-in-cheek Eartha on this LP of Victor's. "The Day The Circus Left Town" and "Apres Moi" are among the favorites on the platter... Those gay Caballeros, the Mills Brothers, are serenading the señoritas with "Mi Muchacha" and they're hard to resist. Backed by the appealing ballad, "That's All I Ask Of You," this platter makes good listening (Decca)... There! He's done it again! Sammy Davis, Jr., of course, with another hit—"It's Bigger Than You And Me" and "Back Track!" (the first from the film, "My Sister Eileen")—both are exciting, rhythmic ballads with the Decca label.

END

"The Bob Crosby Show" is seen Monday through Friday on the CBS-TV network from 3:30 to 4:30 p.m. EST.

Is This Guy Sentimental!

continued from page 55

"There was a junior executive at Universal-International," he related. "You can't use his name because he hates to see it in print. And there was a girl there, too, in one of the responsible jobs.

"You've no idea what those two did for me—or what they went through with me, either. I used to come around, griping and wailing, 'Why won't this studio use me? Why don't they give me any parts to play? Why did they put me under contract if they were just going to let me sit here?'"

"And they would calm me and soothe me and tell me I must be patient. They civilized me, if you know what I mean. They helped me to learn poise. They helped me to grow up. And they certainly helped me to wait for the breaks that they kept promising me would certainly come. I wonder now how they ever put up with me!"

"I'm sentimental about those people and always will be."

He is still very much aware of the fans who first noticed him and who have remained loyal to him. We have a young relative who is pleased when she hears that Rock maintains that she was one of his "discoverers." In a sense she was. She caught him in a small role in one of his early pictures and liked what she saw. What was more, she took steps about it. She wrote to him, wrote to the studio, demanding that they give him more parts. And she wrote to my wife and me, commanding us to write stories about him for the magazines, giving him the praise and publicity she felt was due him.

Rock was genuinely distressed when he learned that she had visited the studio recently on a day when the "Giant" set was closed, so that he hadn't been able to meet and thank her. He is sending her a splendidly autographed picture . . . and his regrets at missing her. He really cares deeply about such things and appreciates them.

He has been touched by the attentions of other fans, too. The man in Japan, for instance, who sent him a huge, beautifully painted mural, with scenes from nearly all of his pictures. It will have a special place in his new house.

"The trouble and work he went to!" says Rock, in wonder. "And he doesn't even know me!"

He still can't realize that his audiences feel that they actually do "know" him.

For a man who has achieved such swift and spectacular success and who has such hordes of friends, he is surprisingly grateful for any friendly gesture or spontaneous favor.

After he had achieved some of his initial, major successes in pictures, he

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IS THIS GUY SENTIMENTAL!

continued

stopped one day at a hamburger stand in the San Fernando Valley. He thought the proprietor was looking at him curiously and he couldn't understand why.

"Say, I know you!" the man decided, after a moment or two, adding quickly, "Don't tell me! I'll get it in a minute—"

Rock thought, of course, that the man had seen him on the screen and was preparing to accept the recognition gracefully when the guy with the spatula cried, "Now I know! You used to come in here often. Driving a big vegetable truck! I've wondered where you were and how you were getting on. Still have the same job you used to have?"

Rock (he hoped) concealed his surprise at this turn of the conversation and admitted that he had changed jobs since he had last visited the stand, adding that he was "doing some work in pictures."

"Well, I sure hope things are going well for you," his friend remarked, heartily. "I always liked to see you come in here."

The little encounter warmed Rock's heart. Here was a man who hadn't heard of his sudden, upward zoom on the screen, who remembered him as a truck driver and a casual customer, but who still remembered him with friendliness and good wishes. It touched that certain soft spot inside of him.

There is a waitress in the commissary at Universal-International who will never let him order his own meal.

"I know what you like—and what's good for you," she informs him, firmly. "Now, you just leave it to me and I'll bring you something nice. And it will be a surprise!"

"She really knows if there is something on the menu that I particularly like," he says. "She has actually remembered over a long period of time—and I get a better lunch if she selects it than I would if I chose it all myself. She's wonderful."

But it is the warm, personal interest she takes in him—not the food she brings him—that pleases him.

He is sentimental about presents, enjoys giving them and devotes a lot of thought to selecting what he gives to suit the tastes of the recipients. He likes to receive them, too, as who doesn't? But his special appreciation goes to the ones which have been chosen with his own tastes and needs in mind. He remembers one friend who must have spent days shopping for a certain hard-to-find record he had heard Rock mention and that record is one of Rock's treasures.

People who have had fun with him at his "do-it-myself" parties have contributed small, but valued gadgets. A trick vegetable cutter. A fancy paper towel dispenser. A really efficient can opener. Rock likes 'em.

"Maybe some of them came from the five-and-ten," he remarked. "But they were things I needed and hadn't thought of. It may be corny to say that 'it's the



IN HIS latest movie, "All That Heaven Allows," Rock is reunited with Jane Wyman.

thought behind the gift that counts,' but it's true."

Perhaps his favorite present of all time was one which was inspired by an off-hand, nostalgic remark he made at a party one evening. He wondered what had become of the old-fashioned player pianos he remembered from his childhood. "I'd like to hear one of those right now," he averred. "I wish I had one."

These people must really have been fond of Rock because they banded together and shopped for one of the old players to surprise him on his birthday. It took a good deal of doing to locate the piano in the first place and a great deal more searching in odd places to find enough of the old, perforated paper rolls to make the purchase worth while.

But they did it and, despite the fact that Rock owns one of the finest record players made, as well as a fabulous collection of fine recordings to play on it, the old player piano is one of his favorite belongings and often furnishes bursts of merry, old-fashioned tunes at his parties.

A sentimental gift which was inspired by a sentimental remark he happened to make without giving it much thought!

Christmas, of course, is a hugely sentimental occasion and there are certain indispensable rites connected with Rock's holiday. He must, for instance, go to a Christmas tree lot, select his own tree and lug it home in his car. He must trim it himself, too, although he isn't averse to some friendly assistance with this, accompanied by appropriate Yule merriment.

He shops conscientiously for the presents he gives—none of this business of having a secretary or a "shopper" do it for him, as most actors do! This gesture really means something because Rock hates to shop and avoids it during the rest of the year if he possibly can. He wraps the gifts himself, too, and that is a monumental chore, since Rock's big fingers are not too adept with ribbons and bows. But it's part of Christmas.

He sends hundreds of cards and ad-

resses all these, himself. That usually means that he doesn't get them into the mail until several days after Christmas but he doesn't think that matters. If you receive a card from Rock, your name on the envelope will be written in his own old script.

Remembering the help he has had with his own problems, he takes a sincere and practical interest in those of other people—young beginning actors under contract at the studio, people he meets on the set. He wants to help and encourage and very often manages to do it. But he is so diffident about these activities that it is difficult for him to find out very much about them.

"All right," says Rock. "So I guess I'm sentimental. But—what's wrong with sentiment?"

And the only reply to that seems to be, "Well, what IS wrong with it?" **END**

John Wayne Takes The Stand

continued from page 25

a reporter asked me some time in December what I had bought for my family for Christmas . . . and I, being absorbed in picture production at the moment and not even quite aware that it *was* December, said, "Gosh! Nothing, I guess!"

Well, that apparently shocked a great many big-hearted and sentimental people who apparently concluded that Wayne was a man who would murder Santa Claus, shoot the Easter rabbit and put the squash on Mother's Day.

What I neglected to tell the horrified reporter, and what I would like to get on the record here, is that I am probably one of the most eager-beaver present givers this side of the planet Mars. I love to give presents. I love to get them, too. But I am not a calendar-conscious man and I see no reason for waiting until a birthday or an anniversary or even Christmas if I see something I think someone close to me would like. I want to buy it right then and I think the surprise and pleasure seem more important because the whole thing is neither planned nor expected.

Christmas, of course, can't really catch me by surprise. I'm bound to be reminded of it by December 18, anyway. So I do my hasty best by the packages to go under the tree . . . and I do my own shopping. I insist upon that. And I like to buy the tree. But my December presents, I maintain, aren't nearly as much fun or as appropriate as the gifts that just occur to me out of the blue, say in April or August. I'm no Scrooge, believe me!

Q. Is it true or false that . . . (Wayne interrupts again.) Here is another question I'd like to put to myself.

continued on page 70

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JOHN TAKES THE STAND

continued

Q. Is it true or false that you hate and resist getting into evening clothes and that you hate Hollywood premieres, parties and night clubs?

A. Completely and emphatically false . . . and I don't know how that report got around. I *like* to dress to the teeth and take Pilar in a gorgeous gown to a big party, a premiere or what have you? We often go to night clubs when my work permits because I love to show her off! I'm gregarious. I like people. And I think that people have more fun when they *dress* to have fun.

Q. Well, then, is it true or false that you are completely (let's put it nicely!) sloppy about your dress in private life?

A. FALSE. It's true that I like to be casual and comfortable when I am enjoying leisure hours at home. What California man doesn't? But I also want to be well-dressed and I spend money on those casual togs. I am *not* as one ill-informed reporter put it, "a beachcomber at heart." And I resent his saying it.

It isn't true, either, that I am sloppy around the house, that I don't know what an ashtray is for and that I leave socks and slacks scattered about. Even if I wanted to do these things, I'd have too much respect for Pilar to do them.

Perhaps this rumor started a few years ago when I had a small rented house in the Valley. The landlord didn't want to improve it. I didn't want to renew the lease. So I let it run down, paint-wise and so on, for a few months. But I wasn't throwing clothes all over it, believe me!

Our house is furnished for comfort,

that's true. But I see no reason why a house should not be comfortable and good-looking, too. I think ours is.

Q. Is it true or false, that despite all the outdoor, action pictures you have made, you have never owned a horse?

A. True. And for some reason people find that *funny*. They seem to picture me galloping over the landscape when I'm not working. For one thing, I've never had a place to keep a horse until now. Our present home has stables which we use for storage space. But actually I'm not an ardent horseman or even one of the best. I ride well enough for what I have to do in pictures, but to me it's just part of the job. Why, I ask you, should I want to ride when I'm not working? It would be a busman's holiday.

Q. What do you think is the most important thing you have learned in your long career and your life in Hollywood?

A. It would take a lot of very deep thought to decide what was the *most* important thing. But one very important thing I have learned—and I don't like to say this at all—is not to be too trusting. Always read the fine print. I should have learned that, I suppose, very early in my career when I signed a deal with a quickie Western outfit for what I thought was six pictures. But when the six were finished, I found that the fine print (which I hadn't read) allowed them to pick up options on my services for a dozen and then another dozen jobs. And I couldn't work for anyone else for three years—all on account of that fine print.

I suppose that should have taught me not to trust people too far, but I've had to learn that lesson again and again. I hope I know it now!

END



JOHN likes to go out with his wife Pilar, thinks people have more fun when they dress up.

Comeback Or Fizzle?

continued from page 59

er work, unhappiness at home, the tired, helpless moods when she faced still another picture that she didn't have the emotional strength to make.

When studio orders came for her to lose weight, she dieted so drastically she became more nervous and ill. At the bottom of the situation, of course, were frustrations that only a psychoanalyst could untangle. They resulted in suicidal impulses that are old news in yellowed newspapers by now.

Dropped by MGM, Judy faced a new life. But she had to start at the bottom. She feared no studio would want her. MGM had been her home, her place of employment, since she was a child. She figured the town was laughing at her. She felt unwanted. The word around Hollywood was that Judy was all washed up as a film star.

Then she met Sid Luft, a fringe personality of the Hollywood scene who was winning no popularity contests, either.

"We were two outcasts and we clung together, we two against the world," Judy has since commented.

Hollywood gossips at first tried to blast Sid for forming a relationship with Judy. But the die-hards swallowed their criticism when the pair not only made a successful marriage, but fashioned a new career for Judy. And though it now leans heavily toward stage and TV appearances, it is a new career.

Sid gave Judy confidence. "I was scared to try the Palladium, but Sid talked me into it," Judy has said. It was Sid's idea she get out of Hollywood and tour Europe for a new outlook on life, a broader viewpoint. Her rousing success at the Palladium and at the Palace Theatre in New York is show business history now. Judy was credited with bringing back vaudeville singlehanded. Soon Betty Hutton and other stars followed suit with stage appearances.

Sid also was the inspiration for "A Star Is Born." Judy had dreamed for years of doing a musical version of the original drama about Hollywood. MGM could never clear the rights.

But Luft is a man of tenacity, force and drive. He forged ahead and sewed up the property for Judy. He also concluded the deal with Warners to release the picture.

The making of "A Star Is Born" probably holds the record for complications, confusions and snafu. The stories of Judy's emotional outbursts and displays of so-called temperament are many. One cameraman walked off the picture; so did a costume designer and an arranger. But Judy and Sid had an answer to all that.

"This picture means a lot to me, and we want it to be just right or we won't do it," she explained at the time.

Shooting dragged on for six months on

the picture. Towards the end Judy began to be troubled by her old problem of not being able to sleep at night. Finally the entire movie company was ordered to work at night and sleep by day—one of the few times in Hollywood history that such a concession was made.

Jack Warner, the studio boss, was not unaware of what was going on. But he reasoned thus: Judy has talent, the picture will make money—so let her continue, despite skyrocketing costs.

The picture finally wound up as a three-hour extravaganza. So much had been shot that when the pruning started, the film suffered. But when the picture began running in the theatres as a two-hour epic, exhibitors complained they weren't getting the business they hoped for. They screamed the picture was too long.

Warners withdrew the prints and slashed out another 20 minutes—another blow to the continuity of the film. As a result, the chopped-up finished product was far short of the masterpiece that had been expected.

Judy and her husband were scheduled to make two more pictures at Warners. But their option was quietly dropped. Jack Warner, it was said, figured he had had enough of those high budgets and temperamental difficulties.

Others say there were just no more scripts around for Judy to do—and after "A Star Is Born" she was busy having a baby.

Support for that latter theory was seen when Warners signed Mario Lanza, another talented performer whose "difficulties" with previous bosses had sizzled newsprint from coast to coast.

"A Lanza or a Garland always will be signed—as long as they still have the talent to sell tickets, no matter how difficult they are," is the way one studio executive puts it.

Meantime, Judy was awaiting the birth of her child—and the presentation of the March Academy Awards.

The Caesarean birth was scheduled for April 1—after the Oscar night. As fervor mounted for Judy to win the Award, she announced she would make a special effort to attend the ceremonies. But two nights before the event, a usually accurate straw poll in *Variety*, a trade paper, picked Grace Kelly to win.

Judy suddenly came down with labor pains. Psychosomatic? Unconscious or conscious wish to escape the embarrassment of being the loser in the Pantages Theatre on award night? Possibly. At any rate, Judy was in the hospital—a dramatic, sympathetic figure—the night of the awards. NBC set up cameras outside her hospital room in case she won. But the trouble wasn't necessary.

Some observers of the Hollywood scene declared that Judy's losing the Oscar to

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COMEBACK OR FIZZLE?

continued

the cool, poised Kelly was another sign that the Garland comeback had failed.

But was it?

Judy actually gained more recognition and publicity from losing than Grace Kelly did from winning. The race was the most publicized in years. Judy was swamped with mail and wires from her disappointed fans. She reacted in admirable style—with a smile and the statement that her baby meant more to her than any award.

After Judy recovered from the birth, no film scripts were around for her. Whether studios shied away from the volatile star, or whether there just weren't any parts suitable for her, is a moot point. She decided on a vaudeville tour. And this point is proof that Judy's comeback was a success as far as her live appearances are concerned.

What star has ever gathered together her own troupe—dancers, musicians, songs, the works—and dared to venture on the road for one-night stands in cities, small and large, in gymnasiums, auditoriums, theatres?

But Judy packed 'em in, from San Diego to Seattle. The tour of seven cities grossed \$137,450, leaving a hefty profit for Judy and producer Luft even after the theatres took their cut.

Judy was planning to take her show to Eastern cities, and her agent, MCA, had lined up 13 bookings. But then CBS came forth with a more lucrative offer to put the show on television. The network had been dickering with Judy for a year to star her in a color spectacular—more proof that the star still is in demand. Judy finally accepted the TV offer and postponed her Eastern tour. She plans to resume it with different acts from the ones that she has presented on television. Whether audi-

ences would pay to see her in person after seeing her on TV remains to be proved.

More proof of public interest in Judy came during her West Coast tour. The enterprising MGM quickly re-issued her early hit, "The Wizard Of Oz." It's a dazzling business at the box-office.

So there is the Judy of today. She has grown into a "special" performer who will most likely appear only in plays or shows or films that she can personally control. She now is more of an "entertainer" than a film star.

And Judy's friends agree that this rearrangement is to her benefit.

"Her emotions are such that working under someone—taking orders, being harassed by bosses—did not go so well," one pal explains. "She works better when she is her own boss, so to speak."

Judy's health is better when she is "entertainer" rather than a film star, too.

Film producers insist she never can be photographed at her present weight. Judy says she feels better with the added pounds—"and that is more important to me." Her friends think it is better for her to appear on the stage where weight doesn't count so much than to diet dangerously for appearances in films.

"And Judy loves live audiences and loves singing on the stage," her husband says. "Sure, she'll do pictures, if the price is right, but she doesn't have to. There are other mediums in which she can display her talents."

"She'll make movies," one studio executive recently said, "when somebody comes up with the right part. Judy can be cast as the young, pretty ingenue and more, you know."

"Special pictures, special shows, you and they'll always involve over-exertion, cancelled performances and the rest. But as long as she has that voice, she can do it. Judy is great. And as long as people listen to her, she'll be a success." **EN**

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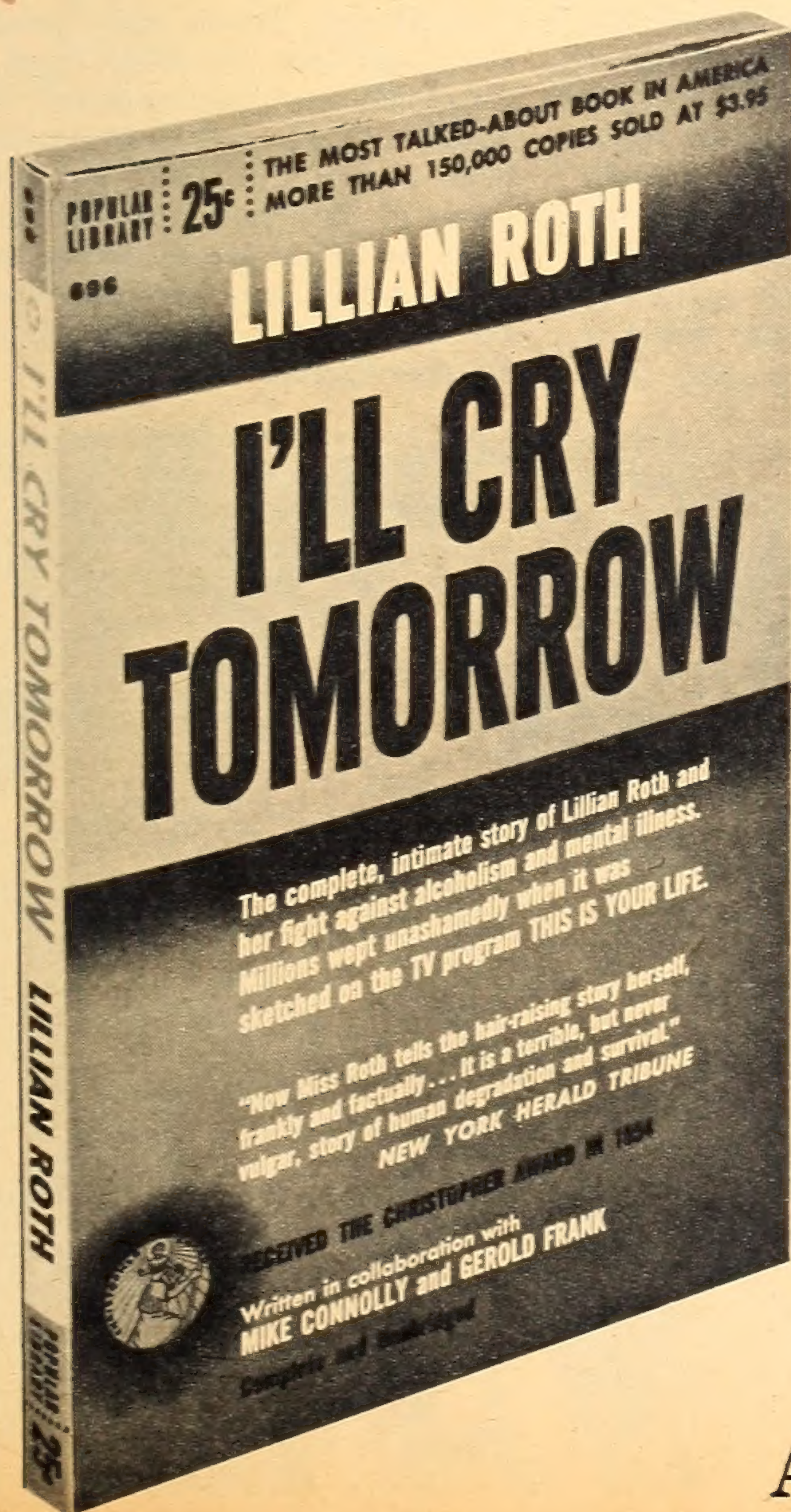
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Coming Attractions

continued from page 10

Dekker's private line into the D.A.'s office. Good courtroom histrionics and much action makes this better than average for the first half. (Warner Brothers.)

Bar Sinister

HORATIO ALGER-TYPE story of the dog world. The star in this, a bull terrier, shares acting honors with people, two of the more important being Dean Jagger and Edmund Gwenn. Born on the waterfront, during the time when dog-fighting was common sport, Wildfire roamed the streets concerned with nothing more than lampposts, garbage cans, and dodging kicks. However, in a short space of time, Wildfire rose to terrier champ of the Bowery after Jeff Richards got hold of him and taught him how to kill. Just one defeat, and a half-dead Wildfire was tossed into the gutter. If it weren't for Edmund Gwenn, who worked on Jagger's estate, who knows what further horrible things would have befallen the canine has-been. Instead, Wildfire began to live—if you'll pardon the expression—like a human. He even copped first of the show prizes at the Westminster Kennel Club doings and finally got to meet his father. Filmed in Eastmancolor, this is too brutal for children, but should delight grown-up dog fanciers. (MGM.)

Blood Alley

RESCUED from a Communist prison camp, John Wayne, ship's captain, has a most unusual price to pay for his freedom. No longer able to live under Communist domination, the entire population of a small Chinese town wants Wayne to take them to Hong Kong. Heading up the petitioners is Lauren Bacall, daughter of the local American doctor. Now, how could any virile red-blooded man, as WarnerColor points out, refuse a dish of Ooh-Ooh-long like Lauren? Wayne takes another gulp and agrees to captain the only "ship" available—a crumbling ferryboat on the 300-mile trip. With no maps, a few hundred helpless Chinese, including the town's Commies and their families, plus some Red destroyers hunting them down, Wayne, as usual, accomplishes miracles. A neat, action-loaded adventure in a setting that reeks with atmosphere. (Warner Bros.)

The Deep Blue Sea

AFTER years of leading a comfortably-paced married life with Judge Emlyn Williams, Vivien Leigh goes into a nose-dive when she meets Kenneth More. A bounder, More isn't really a bad sort. He's just irresponsible, terribly gay and has a childish recklessness that's quite contagious. Never having been exposed to this type before, Vivien gets a violent reaction.

She leaves her husband and zooms off into More's adventurous stratosphere. In a matter of months, the rarified air becomes too much for her. Jobless now, More has lost some of his lustre and shows signs of wearying of Vivien's demanding love. Following a suicide attempt by Vivien, neighbor Eric Portman offers some advice about accepting matters as they are and giving More the latitude he needs in order to hold him. Finally, Vivien gets hold of herself. Based on the London stage success, thanks to some fine acting, this Technicolor version effectively captures a woman's self-imposed torment. (20th Century-Fox.)

The Second Greatest Sex

IN this Technicolor musical that coyly pilfers from two other Western hits, the kleptomania is covered up with much hoopla and razzle-dazzle. Once the action gets under way, it's clear that the women of a small Kansas town are fed up with their menfolk going off to war with two neighboring towns over who gets possession of the county safe. Headed by Jeanne Crain, who doesn't want husband George Nader traipsing all over the countryside after a safe when he's got a Fort Knox of charms waiting at home, the gals finally rebel. Locking themselves in an abandoned stockade, they refuse to come out or give out until the men put it in writing that there'll be no more safe-snatching. The two performers to watch in this are Tommy Rall, the dancer who makes a feather seem muscle-bound, and Bert

Lahr, the comic with a flair for massacring the Nelson Eddy type song. (Universal-International.)

Running Wild

ROOKIE policeman William Campbell assumes the responsibility of breaking up a gang of young hoodlums who are in the stolen car racket. Taking on the identity of a young punk, Campbell manages to put in his pitch with the mastermind of the gang, Keenan Wynn. It takes time, but eventually Campbell starts working for the mob. By the time the rookie cop has everything under control, including Wynn's girl, Kathleen Case, things are really buzzing. It's no wonder he makes one little mistake—Wynn escapes, leaving Campbell and Kathleen as pretty a pair of sitting ducks as you ever saw. Just average cops-and-robbers drama with the usual bunch of crazy mixed-up kids. (Universal-International.)

Three Stripes In The Sun

HAVING fought the Japanese in the last war, Sergeant Aldo Ray doesn't take too kindly to being a member of the occupation force during peacetime. It grates him to see GIs associating freely with Japanese girls while street mobs yell: "Yank, go home." It's difficult for most Americans, with any memory of Pearl Harbor, Bataan, and Corregidor, to shrug and turn the other cheek. With Ray's mind so firmly made up, there are only two things which could possibly sway him: A lovely Japanese girl and/or a covey of undernourished orphans. Both these softening agents whack away at Ray's armor, until he takes charge of the orphanage and marries interpreter Mitsuko Kimura. (Columbia.) **END**



LOVERS' QUARREL. Jeanne Crain tells off George Nader in "The Second Greatest Sex."

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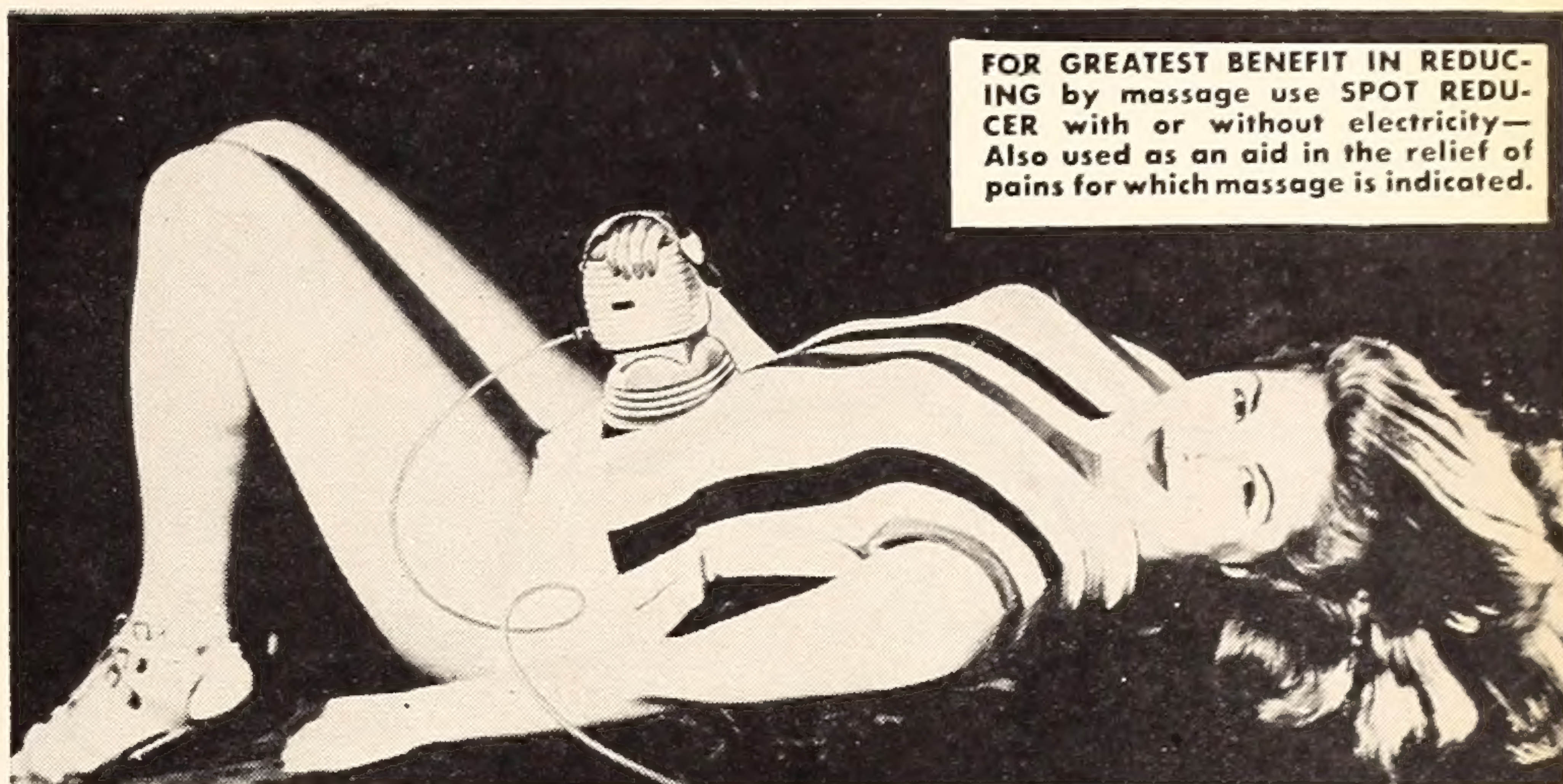
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